

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



No. 139.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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The large Rink now completed and permanently rozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1876.

HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

M. R. RICHARD W. SOUTH'S "GRAND DUCHESS" OPERA COMPANY.

Répertoire:—

"LA GRAND DUCHESSE," "LA BELLE HELENE," "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," "LA PERICHOLE."

Principal Artistes,
Madame SELINA DOLARO,

Miss ALICE BURVILLE, Mr. E. D. BEVERLEY,
 Miss AMY GRUNDY, Mr. E. CONNELL,
 Miss SARAH GRUNDY, Mr. W. G. BEDFORD,
 Miss FANNY STEWART, Mr. M. KINGHORNE,
 Madame FLORENCE HUNTER, Mr. LOUIS KELLEHER,

Mr. E. PERRINI, and
Messrs. HAMILTON and ROSE BECKETT.

Full and Powerful Chorus.

Musical Director, Mr. MALLANDINE.

Stage-Manager, Mr. M. KINGHORNE.

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MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII, Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, Theatre Royal, Plymouth, this week. Manchester next two weeks, Sheffield, Brighton, Birmingham, Hull, &c., &c., to follow.

AMERICA.—MR. MAAS will commence his FOURTH TOUR of the UNITED STATES as Principal Tenor of the KELLOGG GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY, commencing at Philadelphia, October 16th, 1876. Address, Belvedere Hotel, New York.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN every evening as Richard III. On MONDAY and during the Week at Seven, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS. At a Quarter to Eight, RICHARD III. Mr. Barry Sullivan, Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart, C. Vandenhoff, H. Russell, F. Tyars, H. M. Clifford, Douglas, H. Evans, G. R. Ireland, Percy Bell, C. H. Fenton, Jas. Johnstone, R. Dolman, J. B. Johnson, Master Grattan; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Madame Fanny Huddart, Misses Edith Stuart and Grattan. THE STORM FIEND.

Prices, from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven o'clock. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

RICHARD III. AT DRURY LANE,
AND THE
PAST AND PRESENT CRITICS OF THE "TIMES."

An appeal to the public against the conduct of any portion of the press is one that a theatrical manager could only be induced to publish when suffering under a strong sense of injustice. I, personally, have so profound a conviction of both the power and the general advantage of our newspapers that, most assuredly, no light cause would induce me to utter one word in opposition or depreciation. Certainly I have never objected to fair criticism on my productions, even when it has been most unfavourable; and I have never desired or expected the critics to show me either favour or affection. But I do ask, as I have a right to ask, to be treated with fairness. I even think that, in my position as manager of "Drury Lane," a position of no slight embarrassment, difficulty and anxiety, which I have held for a longer period than any of my predecessors, fulfilling, during that time, every engagement I have made with the company, with the employés and with the patrons of the theatre, I am justified in asking that judgment should lean to the side of kindness, and that praise where deserved should be bestowed at least as ungrudgingly as censure.

In the large majority of instances this expected treatment I gratefully acknowledge that I have received, but it is useless to blind myself to the fact that the present critic of the *Times* has seemingly conceived so violent a dislike to my system of management, that he is unable to believe there can be any good in what is produced at a theatre under my control, and he is consequently guilty of constant injustice, not only to me, but to all the authors, actors, and artists with whom I have the honour to be associated.

Against this abuse of the wide-reaching power of the *Times* to the gratification of a prejudice—whether well or ill-founded I will not stop to enquire—I do most emphatically protest, and that I do not protest without sufficient cause, an unvarnished statement of facts will, I believe, convince the public at large, the press generally, and, perhaps, even the *Times* itself.

Nearly nine years ago I revived Colley Cibber's version of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* at this theatre, with a cast almost unanimously pronounced to be a very powerful one, and including the names of Mr. Barry Sullivan as Gloster, Mr. Sinclair as Richmond, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as the Queen. In criticising this performance, the then dramatic critic of the *Times*, a gentleman who had worthily and honourably filled that position for thirty years, and had acquired a more than European reputation as a profound student of the dramatic literatures of England, France, and Germany, entered into a masterly analysis of the play, and examined the relative merits of Shakespeare's and Cibber's versions, expressing an abstract love for the former, from a "purely literary point of view;" but coming to the conclusion that, "as a stage play," no manager would be justified in departing from the precedents of a hundred and seventy-five years—precedents followed by Garrick, Cooke, and Edmund Kean. The acting and general production of the play were described in terms of almost unqualified eulogy. Of Mr. Barry Sullivan he significantly remarked, that after this performance, "he will soon be acknowledged as the leading legitimate actor of the British capital." He further threw out the suggestion, that the play "might be profitably revived on a still more complete scale, with accurate representations of the Tower of London, and others of the archaeological accessories, that are so highly appreciated by modern spectators."

So far the critic of thirty years' experience. His concluding advice I had never forgotten, and, on the first occasion circumstances permitted, I determined on a grand revival of *Richard III.*, which should be worthy alike of the poet and of the theatre.

For the part of Gloster I re-engaged Mr. Barry Sullivan, who had previously been so successful in the character, and who is, in my belief, the most popular living tragedian throughout all English-speaking lands. Nor did I leave him to stand alone, for I selected his supporters solely for their efficiency, and I venture to assert that the play could not be more strongly cast at the present day.

To the most popular scenic artist since the days of Clarkson Stanfield, I entrusted the arrangement and painting of the scenery; and how Mr. William Beverley has accomplished his task is chronicled in the applause that nightly greets the revelation of his various scenes.

Neither time, trouble, nor expense were spared in consulting the best authorities in public and private museums, collections, and libraries, to ensure the most absolute accuracy of dresses, arms, armour, banners, and all archaeological accessories, while all the resources of the stage were called into requisition to reproduce with fidelity the England of the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The loud applause of enthusiastic audiences, and the favourable criticisms of nearly every newspaper in the kingdom show that my efforts have not been unsuccessful. But what says the present youthful critic of the *Times*?

After a most remarkable delay, before he condescends to notice at all, the production of a Shakespearian play at the National Theatre, he published an article, in one half of which I am condemned utterly, and in the other half am "damned with faint praise." Ignoring the suggestion of his illustrious predecessor, to which, in great measure, the present production is due, the writer tells me I am "wrong to revive Colley Cibber's version, which passes the limits of the patience and the presumption of man; he sneers at Mr. Sullivan as 'an actor high in favour in America, and on our own provincial stages, but less known, perhaps, in London';" and for the rest of the company, with two exceptions, he has not even one word to say. For the manner in which the play has been produced his highest word of praise is, that "it must be honestly admitted that no fault is to be found." Surely, if there be no fault there must be some merit, and this might have been acknowledged. "The dresses are picturesque and clean;" "the stage is sufficiently well furnished;" "there are some exceedingly good scenes;" and so on, but not one word as to how the play and the players were accepted by the audience. But the critic's sins of commission are worse than those of omission. He describes a Richard in almost the very words of Shakespeare, and then pronounces the creation to be Mr. Sullivan's, demonstrating his violent love for the poet's text by blaming the actor for not giving us the Richard of history instead of the Richard of the drama! He blunders strangely as to how Cibber made up his play, and describes this work, which has held the stage, with trifling alterations, for so many years, as "a formless and purposeless jumble."

This may be criticism, but to me it appears merely aimless abuse, and I ask confidently—Is it fair? Is it even honest? It may be, and probably is, the result rather of youthful inexperience than of malice. But even then, is it not a burlesque on the mighty power he wields, that this individual member of its staff should be able to stultify all previous utterances of the *Times*?

F. B. CHATTERTON.

CYCUM THEATRE.—CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—Saturday, October 14th, "Trovatore;" Monday, 16th, "Zampa;" Tuesday, 17th, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" Wednesday, 18th, "Maritana;" Thursday, 19th, "Water Carrier;" Friday, 20th, "Lily of Kilmarney;" Saturday, 21st, "Faust." BOX OFFICE OPEN Ten till Five. NO BOOKING FEES. Seats may also be secured at the Libraries, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—Every Evening, at 7.30, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. After which, at 8.20, a new and original Drama, in Three Acts, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH. Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, Weatherby, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7. Box-office open 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. Griffiths.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, John Coleman.—HENRY V., Phelps and Coleman, at 7.45. The Event of the Season, supported by Messrs. Mead, Ryder, Moore, Kilpatrick, Coyne, Gordon, Morton, Sandford, Jordan, Percival; Mesdames Leighton, Phillips, Kirby, and Miss Fowler. "The most striking spectacle the stage has ever seen!"—*Globe*. "This magnificent representation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*. "Will fill the Queen's for months to come!"—*Echo*. "Presented with the utmost grandeur the scenic appliances of the day can command."—*Saturday Review*. Morning Performances every Saturday at 2, in which Phelps and Coleman appear, supported by the entire strength of the company. Schools and children, half-price. Places may be secured a month in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—Every Evening at 7.45, THE DUKE'S DEVICE, pieced at Seven by KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER. Mr. Henry Neville, Messrs. Archer, Flockton, W. J. Hill, Pateman. Misses Carlisle, Crawford, Beaumont, Cowell, and Dubois. At 10.30 CRAZED. Mr. W. J. Hill in his original character. Box-office open at 6.30. Commence at 7.

C RITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.—THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE. Last nights. Return of Mr. Charles Wyndham. On Monday and Every Evening, at 7.30, a comic drama, in two acts, entitled MOTHE CAREY'S CHICKENS: Messrs. Clarke, Righton, Standing, Yorke, and G. Barrett; Mesdames Duncan, Eastlake, Vining, Hathaway, Hope, Holme, and Graham. At 9, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE (Last nights); supported by Charles Wyndham, Edward Righton, H. Standing, and John Clarke; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, C. Hope, E. Vining, Hathaway, Eastlake, Myra Holme, E. Bruce, and Emily Duncan.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE (" Shoot Folly as it flies ")—Late CHARING CROSS THEATRE. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. This Theatre has been entirely reconstructed and elaborately decorated from designs by Thomas Verity, Esq. The work executed by the well-known contractor, Mr. E. W. Bradweil. New Ceiling by Signor Emilio Marolda. New Act Drop and Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Son. Re-appearance of Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company, who have just concluded a brilliant season in the provinces. Grand opening night, Monday, October 16th, and every evening during the week, the performance will commence at 7.30 with the comic drama, MAN IS NOT PERFECT. Characters by Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Phillip Day, Miss Maria Davis, and Miss Violet Cameron. After which, at 8.30 (for a limited number of nights) Farne's celebrated burlesque of BLUE BEARD, as performed by this company upwards of 1,000 times. Characters by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Phillip Day, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Ella Chapman, Miss Topsy Venn, Miss Reeve, Miss Montague, Miss Alice Grey, Miss Lina Merville. PECKSNIFF, a new comedy, by Harry Paulton, will take the place of "Man is not Perfect," on Monday, October 23rd. ROBINSON CRUSOE, a Grand Spectacular burlesque, by the author of "Blue Beard," will be produced shortly. Acting Manager, Mr. J. S. Scanlan. Musical Director, Mr. M. Connally. Price of Admission:—Private Boxes, £1 1s. od. to £2 2s. Stalls, 7s. 6d. Dress Circle, 5s. Boxes (Bonnets allowed), 4s. Pit, 2s. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30.

R OYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—IMMENSE SUCCESS OF JANE SHORE. Engagement of Miss Heath, who will appear in a New and Original Play, entitled JANE SHORE. On Monday, and during the week, the performances will commence with the Farce of MR. AND MRS. WHITE. Characters by Messrs. H. Jackson, J. W. Ford, C. Furtado; Mesdames L. Adair, M. Hayes, and Fanny Leslie. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills, Author of the Plays of "Charles I," "Eugene Aram," &c. Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE, by the Wonderful Martinetti Company of American Artiste. Prices, od. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

J ANE SHORE.—MISS HEATH will appear Every Evening in the Highly-successful Play of JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

V AUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees and Managers, D. James and T. Thorne. ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLING-G; at 8, THE FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

R OYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough. Every Evening, at 7, LEADING FOR THE BAR. At 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Mr. W. H. Vernon, Miss Ada Swanborough. At 8.45, PRINCESS TOTO. Messrs. Cox, Taylor, Marius; Mesdames Kate Santley, Lottie Venne, &c.

R OYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster; Manager, F. B. Chatterton. Every Evening, at Quarter to Eight, the great Patriotic Irish Drama, ARKAH-NA-POGUE, written by Dion Boucicault. Illustrated with Characteristic Scenery by Mr. F. Lloyds. Characters by Miss Maggie Moore, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Marion, Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. William M'Intyre, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. S. Emery. Patriotic Songs, National Ballet arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Preceded by the Popular Comedietta entitled A RACE FOR A WIFE. To conclude with the Farce of FORTUNE'S FROLICS. Prices, od. to £4 4s. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven.

G LOBE THE

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

will contain, amongst other Illustrations,

A PORTRAIT OF

MISS MARION TERRY
IN "DAN'L DRUCE."

MR. F. H. CELLI, as "Mephistopheles."

Scene from "DAN'L DRUCE."

Sketches by J. STURGESS of the
CESAREWITCH and MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

PORTRAIT OF

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May still be had, all the back numbers.MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,
JEWELLER.18 Carat Gold EARRINGS, set with Stones, from 50s. to £50.
18 Carat Gold BROOCHES, " " " 70s. £200.
18 Carat Gold BRACELETS, " " " 140s. £300.
18 Carat Gold LOCKETS, " " " 100s. £100.In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are
mounted in 18-Carat Gold."JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing
queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future
we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

We regret exceedingly a blunder whereby the substitution of one block
for another, resulted in the appearance of a portrait of Carlotta Grisi, in
our last issue, instead of a portrait of her celebrated relative Giulia Grisi, of
whom a brief memoir was given. The sketch on page 28, represents the famous
dancer as La Giselle, in the first act of a Ballet of that name, as
she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. Carlotta Grisi was born at
Vitina, in 1821.

SPORTING.

S. FORD.—The event occurred in 1823, on the 30th of March. The man's
name is not recorded in the old magazine we have referred to. He ran
from Bury St. Edmunds to London, against the Phenomena coach on the
Tuesday, and on the Wednesday, repeated the feat from London to Bury
St. Edmunds, beating the coach on each occasion.ALFRED THORNTON.—Joshua Hudson was born in 1797, at Rotherhithe, and
was a pupil of Tom Owen. He was victorious in nearly every battle he
fought, and conquered the Essex champion in 1820.

M'KENZIE.—The fight took place at Mousley.

F. B. D.—King Herod was foaled in the paddock of the Duke of Cumberland.

DRAMATIC.

C. L.—The "Books of the Plays" issued by the late Charles Kean, in connection
with his Shakespearian revivals, were published in a single volume by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.A YOUNG PLAYGOER.—Young was the original "Rolla," in Pizarro, which
was first acted in Drury Lane Theatre, on May 24th, 1799.B. CHARLES.—On the contrary, the house was a singularly full one, and
hundreds went away unable to obtain admission.E. F. G. H.—You have been misinformed. The season involved a loss of
several thousand pounds.ALFRED HILL.—Mr. Webster became proprietor of the Adelphi in 1844, and
opened it in December, 1858."PORTIA."—Garrick never played Shylock. Henderson played the part in
1777, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, when Macklin, whom Pope
said was "the Jew that Shakspeare drew," was present to witness his
performance.JAMES EDWIN.—Miss Buffon played Nerissa at the Princess's Theatre,
under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, in 1858.HELEN STIRLING.—We have heard such stories of that manager before, at
first, incredulously, for we had received a very different impression of his
character. Mrs. Rousby tells an amusing anecdote illustrative of his
love for flowers, which was more extraordinary than creditable, and to
her, extremely annoying.GRISI.—The artist to whom we are indebted for the sketch of Mdlle. Grisi,
published last week, points out that the name should have been Carlotta,
not Giulia. The block was inserted by mistake.T. F. PORTPOOL.—Mr. Westland Marston's *Anne Blake* was produced by
Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre, on the 28th of October, 1852, and
ran for forty-two nights. It has been printed.DAVID ROTHAY.—Cibber's regular salary at Drury Lane, in 1708-9, apart
from his benefit, was five pounds per week.AN ADMIRING FRIEND.—It is our intention to shortly introduce from life or
photographs, a series of character sketches of modern actors and
actresses, grouping several on a page in the style adopted for our Famous
Players of the Past Century; in that case, we should be glad to see the
photographs of provincial actresses in your possession. We might, indeed,
do so at once, if you can conveniently leave them at our office.E. SIMPKIN.—We are quite unable to inform you whether "Mr. H. B.
Conway (late of the Haymarket) has been playing in Dublin during the
past fortnight, or whether his engagement was broken in consequence of
Miss Neilson's indisposition." Neither do we know whether "Mr. Conway
has returned to London yet," and regret to confess that we are unac-
quainted with the date of "his first appearance on the stage."

TURE.

BOOK.—We are unaware of the existence of any such law.

ANGLING.

F. BLAND.—The lines occur in an old work on angling, published in the
middle of the seventeenth century, and run as follows:

"A live and small minnow is the best bait
To kill a great Pearch by Angler's deceit,
A black snail is the bait for the bonny Chub
The greedy Gudgeon doth love the Gild tail,
And the twelve-yard line doth never fail
To kill of good Eels an excellent dish,
With nooses and baits of the little fish;
At the but of the oak take you the flye
And kill the Grayling immediately."

MUSICAL.

S. WATKINS.—Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* was performed at the Princess's
Theatre for the first time in this country, in or about 1843. Paul Bed-
ford, Burdini Allen and Madame Garcia figured in it.FREDERICK HALL.—John Graham died February 17th, 1856, aged 70; it was
said; but it seems probable that he was much older. He had held his position
on the stage as the foremost English tenor more than sixty years, andmade his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1796, in an opera by Storace
called *Mahmoud*, under the management of John Kemble. He sang in
public almost to the last, at Exeter Hall, and other concerts.S. C.—Mdme. Grisi gave a series of so-called farewell performances—to
which do you refer?H. W.—Mdle. Marai made her *début* in *Guglielmo Tell*.JOSIAH GREEN.—Speaking from memory, we think Herr Wagner's engage-
ment as musical director by the Philharmonic Society, was made in 1855,
and was very widely regarded as "nothing short of a wholesale offence to
the native and foreign conductors in England." He succeeded Mr.
Costa, and for causes into which it would now be useless to inquire,
failed. The critics were extremely severe, and Herr Wagner resented
their attacks so deeply, that it was with difficulty that he was constrained
to remain in the country.A. CONNOR.—She was the daughter of Frederick Wieck, born in 1819, at
Leipsic, and first obtained repute as a pianist.

CANINE.

E. W. M., Bath.—(1) A number of such pictures have appeared in THE ILLU-
STRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, at irregular intervals extending
over the past two years. Enclose a stamped envelope to the publisher,
(2) We are unable to supply the information.

AQUATICS.

J. W., Newcastle-on-Tyne.—It was too late; but the gentleman to whom
you kindly forwarded the photograph is, nevertheless, deeply obliged for
your promptitude and courtesy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. ENGLISH says:—"I am sorry to be so much trouble, but it appears that
Colchester, in former years, was called 'Cam-a-laün-nidüm,' but was
afterwards Latinized into 'Camulodunum,' the pronunciation of which
you are respectfully asked to give in your next issue." All our back
numbers are obtainable.ELSIE.—Baybee was a copper coin, worth a halfpenny, struck in 1514, with
the image of the infant King James upon it, soon after the battle of
Flodden-field.

A. READER.—The quotation is from Cowper, and runs—

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack
And provs by thumping on your back,
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon, or to bear it."

R. E., Woodstock.—Write to Mr. Baily, Cornwall.

C. H., Wisbech.—Advertise in a sporting journal—say the ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.E. O. S., C. T., J. H. Nightingale and others.—Many thanks. The annoy-
ing error was discovered, but a few hours too late for rectification. The
explanation appears above.W. LAWRENCE.—Convicts were first transported to New South Wales in
March, 1787.A. SUBSCRIBER.—Justices of Peace are not, unless when Deputy Lieutenants
as well, entitled to use the cockade in their servants' hats. There is
nothing to prevent their doing so but inappropriateness. The cockade
is strictly military and naval emblem, borne up to comparatively recent(there is no positive law on the subject) limits the use of the cockade to
the servants of officers of the Army in all its branches—Yeomanry,
Militia, Volunteers, &c.—and of the Navy; also to servants of Lord Lieu-
tenants of counties and Deputy Lieutenants, which are quasi-military
offices. We think, but are not sure, that servants of members of the royal
household are also accustomed to use the cockade, as well as her
Majesty's own servants.LOUVOIS, Dalston.—We are unfortunately quite unable to assist you in
either case. Your contribution shall, however, be carefully preserved
amongst our literary curiosities.CONSTANT READER.—The largest gathering of people at the Alexandra
Palace was that which took place on Whit Monday in 1875.ESKEBANK.—We know no work better than that by "Stonehenge." Apply to
Bevan, Esq., Western-grove, Southampton, enclosing stamps for a shilling
book, which is one of the best we know.THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE price of a glass of port from the wood (logwood ?) at a popular dining-place in the Strand is 1s. 3d. As may be conceived, there is a great run on this fine old crusted beverage. We know several enterprising diners who have tried it—once.

WHAT is "Havannah colour"? Is it the hue that is given by occult means to the lettuce leaves which compose the cigar of the East—end of London? We have had Magenta and Solferino, and onions-and-sage and London dust, and Brighton chalk in colours—these are not the correct names, by the way—but that does not matter? and now comes Havannah. A reigning authority informs us, that amongst "the newest models to be seen in the showrooms of our Parisian couturiers" is "a pretty woollen costume, quite dress enough, for paying uncere-
monious autumn visits. It is composed of Havannah-coloured cashmere and of a fancy woollen material, with pink plaid on a Havannah ground." It is comforting—especially to husbands, and fathers of growing girls—to know that "the bodice is quite plain."ELSEWHERE we learn, from the same unimpeachable authority, that one of "the most peculiar features of the shawl trade at the present moment is the unsaleability of Hyde Parks, a shape about which so much enthusiasm was evinced by consumers two or three years ago." Who were the consumers of those shawls? The boa-constrictors at the Gardens of the Zoological Society, Doctor Kenealy's lambs, or the fervid followers of those gentlemen who periodically reform the nation under the Reformers' Tree? If it be true that "it is always a healthy state of affairs when Fashion stamps its seal upon some definite object," it must be *pari passu*, be a state of affairs to be mourned over when Fashion withdraws its sign-manual from such an object as a Hyde Park shawl. But, after all, why despair? If artists in textile fabrics want a title for a new shawl suitable in colour for this depressing season, let them adopt that of The Great Eastern.THE longheaded proprietor of Lillie-bridge Ground has given up cattle, and started a china shop.—*Bicycling News*. The adoption of one line of business does not necessarily mean withdrawal from the other. Has our contemporary never heard of a bull in a china shop?

A CAREFUL bicyclist writes to his journal suggesting the publication of "a map that would show the quality of the roads. A star, cross, or an arrow might be put to indicate dangerous roads, and a dagger or some sign for inns." Some such sign indeed! Suppose we say the sign of the horse-leech?

THE price of the Earl of Dudley's famous thick coal will be advanced on the 1st of November next." Noblesse oblige! "The glass of fashion and the mould of form," as a recent essayist calls him, is likely to turn out a brill-

iant success as a coal-merchant. Let us hope that the Marquis of Lorn's brother will prove equally successful in tea.

MR. JONES, who, a few weeks since, went very much out of his way to read us a lesson *d'après* of our having drifted, naturally enough, into an error with regard to the firm of Thos. Vaughan and Co. should take Mr. Ambrose Butler to task. On the occasion of a recent visit to the Kirkstall Forge Company's Works, when upwards of 160 members of the Iron and Steel Institute were present, Mr. Ambrose Butler made a speech, in the course of which he said, "Then, as to Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co.; why Mr. Vaughan's father turned rolls at Kirkstall Forge, and Mr. Vaughan had taught him more of the iron trade than anybody else. He recollects Middlesbrough when there was only one house, and when Mr. Vaughan was making ground on the foreshore of Middlesbrough with the ballast which came in ships from London, and that ground had cost him less than nothing, for it was now worth £2 a yard." We do not affirm that Mr. Ambrose Butler is unworthy of credence, but we do say that until Mr. Jones shall have published his confirmation of Mr. Ambrose Butler's remarks, the world will be quite justified in doubting their accuracy.

It is refreshing in these days, when every remote country under the sun, from Central Africa to New Guinea, has been explored and hunted, to find that we have Stanleys in the land "on" for the discovery of Great Britain. We have been reading the travels of one of this noble band. He crossed the Tweed—in safety. He has paid a visit to Edinburgh—and come to no harm. He has even made a descent on Rothesay—and been hospitably received by the savages who dwelt in and about that "tolerably large and flourishing watering place." His crowning achievement, however, was an investment of a hitherto unknown city. 'Tis sweet to know that "Glasgow presents every characteristic of a business city. Its streets are thronged with bustling men." In the language of Baillie Nichol Jarvie, "Maw conscience!"

THE author of Guy Livingstone—lost to us far too soon, poor fellow, for there was real grit in his writing—has left imitators behind him. One of these is writing a novel in that most amusing of periodicals the *Family Herald*. He (or she) rejoices in the creation of a hero named Rooke Paget, who is gentle and muscular; a grim personage whose smile is childlike and bland, and whose enraged grasp is like unto the grip of the Staleybridge Infant. The young lady who has jilted him is about to be married. His sister, Mattie Paget, is discussing the event with him on the eve of his departure for a foreign clime—it may be for years and it may be for ever. Remarks Mattie—"How, in the name of Heaven, I wonder, can she wilfully
thrust her neck into so terrible a noose?"

He frowned darkly, and his jaw looked very square."

Now that last touch, we take leave to think, would have done credit to the author of Guy Livingstone. And so would this:

"They had been walking slowly, and now they stopped—
Rooke every now and then with his strong brown hand mercilessly
stripping off the fragile pink-and-white blossoms of the old
espaliers which bordered the pathway."

Perhaps one ought to say that the above description is in the school of the author of Guy Livingstone. The great master of muscular expression would have made his hero tear up the old espaliers by the roots and whisk them over the nearest baronial residence. However, it is consolatory to know that "art is long."

OUR contemporary, the *Evening Eccles*, reads the Duke of Connaught a timely lesson. His Royal Highness "has been successively attached to the Royal Engineers, to the Artillery, to the Rifles, to the Hussars." The *E.E.* is scandalised by such a monstrous exhibition of fickleness. "Now he rejoins the Rifles—for how long, no human being but himself can form the faintest idea." As Mr. Passmore Edwards lays no claim to preternatural prescience, he does not attempt to calculate the probable duration of the Duke's adhesion to the Rifles. He gives up the conundrum, and reverts, for homiletic purposes, to the leading incidents of the Prince's unfaithful military career, in this wise. "A short time ago the Duke marched with his troop through a large portion of England to Edinburgh, receiving splendid ovations on the route. It may be supposed [may it?] that 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat,' had made up their minds [of course they made up its mind] that the Royal Duke's sojourn amongst them [that is to say amongst it] would be one of some months. His Royal Highness, however, was soon of [sic] to the continent."BURNS had a contemptuous opinion of critics. They were, in his view, "cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame." What Mr. Chatterton thinks of them—or, at any rate, of their present accidental chief—may be shrewdly conceived; but he ought to be deeply grateful to him of the *Times*, nevertheless. Ever since that remarkable young person's criticism of *Richard III* received a publicity which was unhappily denied it in the *Times*, there has been an immense accession of visitors to Drury Lane Theatre. Whether the fire which the successor to John Oxenford applied to Mr. Barry Sullivan was false or not, the public flatly refuse to be frightened with it. "Richard's himself again." His half-formed resolution to retire from the stage has been definitely abandoned. As for Miss Heath, she reckons the young gentleman who shuffles about in John Oxenford's shoes amongst her most precious helpers. He was displeased with *Jane Shore*, play and performance, and, in oracular phraseology, said so. There is not a greater success in London to-day than *Jane Shore*! If Miss Heath does not present her invaluable critic with the order of the gridiron to wear in his button-hole, she is an ingrate of the deepest dye.

DR. SLADE is by far the best advertising medium Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke have been blessed with since they went into the cabinet-making business,

THE DRAMA IN CANADA.

REVIEW OF A SECOND SEASON IN TORONTO.

"WE take our amusements sadly," some one has said, and the remark is one that truly may be made of the manner in which the patrons of the drama in Canada enjoy their occasional evenings at the theatre. Here, in Toronto especially, there is but little of that Old World zest for the play, or of that interest in the stage, which characterises the veteran playgoer of the mother land.

True, when stars of the first magnitude, such as Mr. Barry Sullivan, Miss Neilson, and the like, appear on the boards, they are invariably well received and properly appreciated; but, during the intervals of such visits, and, in fact, to engage the top of the profession at all, the theatre must be supported, and in such a manner also as to enable the management to procure an efficient "stock company," and to keep the "properties," &c., in good working order. Now, when we consider that, for the most part, the aforesaid "stock" is, and necessarily must be, selected from our *cousins* over the border (Americans), many of whom have but a faint idea of English society life, it is not a very surprising fact

that, in such plays as *Our Boys*, *Ours*, and other modern society comedies, some of the leading characters should sometimes fail to satisfy a Canadian audience; for, I think you will agree with me that an American actor, of the "STOCK" SPECIES, dressed somewhat after his own fashion, and speaking with an accent which is peculiar to that nation, cannot fairly represent an English *gentleman*, particularly if the character is of the kind called "*swell*." I am aware that we have not here the higher order of attractions that "draw" audiences in the home theatres, nor the range or variety of entertainment that is to be found abroad, and as yet to expect any very exalted standard of excellence, either in regard to



BRINGING DOWN A WOODCOCK.

the play itself or in the manner of its production, would be unreasonable. In Canada, the recognised class of playgoers is few, and the audience formed by strangers visiting the country is too inconsiderable to be of much account; still, in face of such drawbacks as I have mentioned, and bearing in mind the continuous expense of "running" a theatre, the sight that one meets at the house here is not only creditable in itself, but is an achievement in the interest of dramatic art in our midst that should call for the warmest commendation and sympathy. I cannot say too much for Mrs. Morrison, the manager of the "Grand Opera House" here, for it is chiefly to her exertions that we have been enabled to

spend so many glorious evenings; of HER acting, I need only say that it is always in excellent taste, ever happy in its effect, and invariably well received.

But I have already drifted considerably further from my subject than I had intended. Previous to the opening of the season proper we were treated, during the dog days, to performances given by the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company of New York, at the Grand, and by Mr. Charles Fechter at the Royal. The former gave us an American play, *The Big Bonanza*, which is closely modelled after the productions of the late J. W. Robertson, and written by Austin Daly; also *Monsieur Alphonse*, adapted from

the French of Alex. Dumas, fils, by the same writer. *The Big B.* was, however, by far the better of the two, and was well worth seeing.

During his brief stay here (one week) Mr. Fechter appeared as Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Ruy Blas, and Obenreizer in *No Thoroughfare*; though not very well supported, he had good houses, and was greatly admired.

The season proper having opened in September, the first piece worthy of particular mention was *Rip Van Winkle*, with Robert McWade, as Rip. The mounting was good, and the characters suited the company. Mr. G. Fawcet Rowe drew crowded houses

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Gordon and Harford, suggested by Mr. Bancroft himself. Peacocks and birds of paradise, in their gorgeous plumes, on a gold ground, form the leading features of the embellishments of the ceiling and new proscenium. The fronts of both tiers are covered with deeply quilted amber satin, with corresponding curtains to the private boxes, of the same colour and material. On the panels round the front of the dress circle tier is a series of highly-finished pictures emblematic of the principal pieces brought out at this theatre, including *Caste, Ours, Society, Money, Man and Wife, Masks and Faces*, and others, represented by groups of charming little cupid-like figures; the smaller panels round the front of the upper tier are occupied with representations in miniature of groups of flowers and fruits, painted with Japanese-like minuteness of finish and detail. The Prince of Wales's is now the most resplendently decorated theatre, perhaps, in the world, and on this account alone is worth visiting. Mrs. Bancroft, who has no part in "Peril," will shortly appear in a one-act play by Mr. Saville Rowe, which is in preparation, and in which Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mr. Kendal will also appear.

CRITERION THEATRE.

The Great Divorce Case, which continues its merry career here with undiminished attraction, was preceded on Saturday evening, when it was played for the 151st time, by a comic drama in two acts, entitled *Mother Carey's Chickens*. The new lever de rideau closely resembles the old-fashioned pieces, *Married Daughters and Young Husbands, My Wife's Brother, and Hen and Chickens*, especially the last named, in which Mrs. Stirling was so famous some eleven or twelve years ago at the Adelphi; and has evidently been derived from the same French original. Bright and humorous in incident, brisk in action, and admirably interpreted by Messrs. John Clarke, Righton, Standing and G. Barrett in the principal male characters, the little piece proved highly amusing, and deserved the applause with which it was received. The plot deals firstly with the schemes of a match-making mamma, Mrs. Carey, the poor but pretentious widow of a tradesman, to secure eligible matches for her five daughters. Two are already married; the eldest to Matthew Fagg (Mr. Righton), an honest, good-hearted, but vulgar grocer; the second to Digby Spooner (Mr. Standing), an inane and impetuous swell, with betting proclivities; and Anna, her third daughter, is, as the curtain rises, about to be married to Alfred Vacil (Mr. Yorke), a young city clerk, who is deeply in debt through his extravagance in keeping up an appearance beyond his means. Mrs. Carey, in her silly pride, holds in high estimation her two flashy sons-in-law, while she looks with contempt upon the genial and honest Fagg, and extends this feeling to her vulgar brother, Gadbury (Mr. John Clarke), a shrewd and eccentric old fellow, who seems to know everything about everybody, and who conceals under a roughness of manner and speech, the best of hearts, and whose generosity finally extricates his nieces and their husbands from the difficulties in which they become involved. The fun of the plot takes place in the second act. Fagg, to oblige his swell brother-in-law, has consented to take in a letter directed to "A.B.," which Spooner is expecting from a sporting prophet, containing a tip for a forthcoming race. The letter falls into the hands of Mrs. Fagg, who becomes furiously jealous, supposing the advice it contained of "stick to Nancy," to refer to some "horrid creature" her idolised Matthew was secretly connected with. She rushes in, and shows the letter so conclusive of Fagg's delinquency, to her mother, who both join in heaping reproaches on the innocent little grocer, who is already overwhelmed by another serious matter. The money with which he had intended to pay his rent had been lent by his wife to her sister to relieve some pressing difficulty of her husband, Digby Spooner, who is wholly unable to refund it. Spooner and his wife then get to loggerheads, and the newly-married couple, Vacil and Anna, just returned from their honeymoon, are equally miserable through the impending ruin which overshadows them from Vacil's inability to meet a heavy bill he had accepted to meet the expenses of his wedding. The good uncle, old Cadbury, comes to the rescue, and restores happiness all round. He affords the pecuniary aid to Spooner to refund the borrowed money to Fagg, who is thus enabled to pay his rent, and is restored to domestic happiness, Mrs. Fagg having satisfactorily explained to her that "Nancy," referred to in the prophet's letter, was a racehorse and not a woman; and the box which Cadbury gave as a wedding present to his niece Anna is found to contain the dishonoured bill which caused her husband's misery. Mr. John Clarke played the character of the old uncle, Cadbury, with singular aptness, his dry, sardonic utterances and manner being highly effective; while his humour in the second act, where he induces the two flashy husbands to fetch from the neighbouring publichouse a pot of porter, "drawn with a head," and three clay pipes and screws, excited shouts of laughter. Mr. Righton capitally represented the cheery and goodnatured little grocer, Matthew Fagg. Mr. Standing, made up exactly as Mr. Byron as Sir Simon Simple, gave a clever and finished sketch of the swell husband, Digby Spooner, and Mr. G. Barrett was amusing and droll, as Wee, the milkman, transformed for the occasion into a temporary waiter. The pretentious, well-meaning (but silly) match-making mother, Mrs. Carey, found an adequate exponent in Miss Hathaway, and her brood of chickens were charmingly represented by Miss E. Vining (Mrs. Fagg), Miss E. Duncan (wife of Spooner), Miss Eastlake (the bride), and Misses M. Holme and Graham (Sophia and Jane).

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz visited the Royal Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening, accompanied by Mrs. De Borg, Miss De Borg, and Baron d'Laha, to witness the comedietta of *Balance of Comfort* and the drama of *Dan'l Druce*.

We are informed that an English version of *The Danischief* (by Lord Newry) will be performed in London towards the end of May or commencement of June next, by an especially strong company, which will include Mrs. Rousby. *On dit* that Lord Newry has given £600 for the English right.

Everybody who has the pleasure of knowing Mr. David McKay, the treasurer and acting manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, will be pleased to know that immediately on Messrs. James and Thorne's return from their holiday sojourn on the Continent, they presented Mr. McKay with a valuable emerald-and-diamond ring, as a mark of their high appreciation of his invaluable services during their absence from town.

The Duke of Beaufort (accompanied by the Duchess and Lady Londesborough) paid his fourth visit to Broeckman's Wonderful Circus yesterday (Friday) week. This entertainment is rapidly increasing in attractiveness, as it deserves to do. Such a unique performance as that of the horses, elephant, monkeys, and dogs, has never been seen in London. All the children should see it.

We are requested to call the attention of the public to the new seats—perfect models of comfort—which have recently been provided in the parterre of the Alhambra.

The London Stereoscopic Company have just published a series of admirable characteristic portraits of the leading performers (less Mr. Odell, who is unaccountably absent) in the plays of *Dan'l Druce* and *Henry V*.

Mr. Alphonse Roque's annual benefit will take place at the Grecian Theatre on October 19. The entertainment will include

amongst numerous other attractions, the highly successful drama of *The Sole Survivor*. The following gentlemen have kindly offered their services: Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. John Manning, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and Mr. Harry Lynn, who will give his celebrated impersonations of London Actors; to conclude with *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*.

REVIEWS.

Idylls of the Rink. Edited by the Author of "Epigrams and Epitaphs on the late General Election." London: Judd and Co., 81, Cheapside.

THERE is very little epigram in this collection of parodies, but, by way of compensation we suppose, there are a good many limping lines. If the author had studied Mr. Calverley's method of workmanship, he might have produced neater results. As it is, such lines as:—

"Three ladies went skating at Prince's one day,
And happy indeed were one and all!"
can scarcely be considered very suggestive of the opening lines of a rather famous poem by Canon Kingsley. There is one tolerable verse in the "Hohenlinden" parody, as follows:—

"And if, perchance at fearful pace,
You charge another face to face,
Then cry, when in that close embrace
'Tis I, Sir, rinking rapidly!"

We may sum up our opinion of the brochure briefly. It may raise a smile on the countenance of an easily-pleased reader who is not a severe critic of scansion, and, at any rate, the tone of the verses is unexceptionable.

Through France and Belgium, by River and Canal, in the Steam Yacht Ytene, by W. J. C. MOENS, R.V.Y.C. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In this interesting volume Mr. Moens gives an account of an autumn cruise undertaken to explore the north of France and Belgium in 1876. To purchasers of his work who wish to know why they should be asked to read about the erratic wanderings of a little steam yacht, and take interest in the adventures of its owners, the author replies as follows:—

"My excuse and apology are soon made; it is for the enjoyment and pleasure of others that I throw open in these pages a new mode of travel, whereby a party may, by the aid of steam, luxuriously pass through a great part of Europe, carrying their hotels with them, and enjoying most of the pleasures of yachting without too many of them, the worst of all maladies, sea sickness; to say nothing of the awful fears that the slightest occurrence raises in the minds of many lady yachters. It will be evident at once to the minds of all that it is a new sensation to be moored opposite the Tuilleries Gardens, or under the shade of St. Catherine at Brussels, in the very heart of those charming cities."

Those who are induced to yield to the temptations held out in the above extract will find in Mr. Moens's handsome and well printed volume a reliable guide and an amusing and interesting companion. We should think from Mr. Moens sketches by the way, that his cruise had delightful elements of novelty in it, and was thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Moens's, by-the-by, has altogether mistaken the character of Jean Bart, whom he describes as a semi-freebooter.

To the Desert and Back, or Travels in Spain, the Barbary States, Italy, etc., in 1875-6. By ZOUCH H. TURTON. London: Samuel Tinsley.

THIS work is a cheerfully written account of the author's wanderings, animated with anecdotes and brief descriptions of the various objects of interest he encountered and the people he met, all very readable and amusing. Speaking of a bull-fight at Valencia, he points out that the men who took part in it were "capitally protected, their legs being cased in leather, about an inch thick, having, it is said, a thin metal lining, quite impervious to the strongest horn, whilst their bodies are too high to be in much danger. The horses, wretched animals, no longer fit for work, bought for a mere song, and fed up for the last few days that they might not present quite such a meagre appearance, come into the arena without the slightest protection, and, blinded on the side nearest the bull." And he adds: "What surprised me most was the delight which the women as well as the men took in these sickening scenes. To see that noblest of all animals, the horse, lacerated by the bull's horns, and quivering under spur and lash, caused such a shout of joy as made the very building ring with its echo. When a man was in the slightest danger, the greatest efforts were made with all the coloured paraphernalia to distract the bull, and enable his torturer to reach the parapet, some four feet high, with a ledge for the foot half way up, which divides the arena from the spectators. But when the bull, catching sight of one of the wounded horses lying on the ground, made for it, not a hand was raised, and an exulting cry of delight from the excited audience was the approval he received when, by the sheer force of his horns, he raised the dying animal to its feet." Another bull, being somewhat too peaceably inclined, "fireworks" were thrown at him, which, sticking in his flesh, continued burning for several minutes." If any political purpose were to be served thereby, a few facts of this kind, picturesquely treated, might perhaps be exciting enough to get up "atrocious meetings" against Spain. Mr. Turton simply narrates facts, but the bare outline of such "sport" is sufficiently disgusting.

MR. T. WIGHAM, the north country turfite, died at Newcastle on Friday week.

MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM, M.A., recently gave a Shakespearian recital at the Pavilion, Brighton. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" formed the subject of the recital.

DR. MOXEY, better known as "Leo Ross," whose Dramatic Recitals are well known, has been appointed to the Chair of Elocution in the New Free College, Edinburgh.

THE Duke of Hamilton and party of six guns killed 644 brace of grouse on the Avondale moors, near Hamilton Palace, in the week between Doncaster and the First October Meeting.

MR. JOHN GRANT, M.D., a notable man in Hawick and the surrounding district, died at his residence in Hawick on Thursday week. He was skilful in his profession, and was much liked by his patients. For several years he was owner of a pack of otter hounds, and there never was a more enthusiastic sportsman than the master of the Teviotdale pack, as he delighted to be designated.

ON Saturday W. C. Williams, the Irish Champion, and C. O. H. Ford engaged in a fifty-mile match for a silver cup, the latter receiving five miles start. The ground chosen was that of the Irish Champion Club, at Lansdowne-road, Dublin. Messrs. Drinkwater and Dunbar acted as timekeepers, and F. Ball as referee. At seven in the morning the start was made, and Ford did his five miles in 5 min. 47 sec., after which Williams was despatched. At the end of the twentieth mile he had gained but one lap, and seeing further pursuit useless, pulled up after being 3 hrs. 32 min. 25 sec. upon the track. Ford continuing at a good pace, accomplished the distance a little after four o'clock, in 9 hrs. 4 min. 52 sec. appearing to be but little distressed. For doing the distance under ten hours the Irish Champion Club presented Ford with a silver medal.

THE BELHUS SALE OF HUNTERS.

THE great monetary depression prevailing just now—a depression unparalleled for many years past—accounts for Sir T. B. Lennard's hunters having in the main been sold under their value. Certainly hunting men showed no lack of interest in, or appreciation of, the stud collected with so much care and liberality. For some weeks past Belhus has been the focus of attraction to visitors from all parts of the country; men from Worcestershire, York, Lincoln, Durham, and Ireland came to investigate the Belhus hunters, and many distinguished alike by social rank and hunting reputations were noted among the bidders on Saturday.

A convincing proof of the excellence of Sir Thomas's stud is shown by the names of some of its purchasers. Messrs. Newman and Lansley and F. Allen are too experienced men of business to make investments likely to prove unprofitable (it is rumoured that the handsome little chestnut Lurganbeg is destined to carry a princess), and a good judge like Major Wilkin would not be contented with anything less than the handsomest and best-mannered horse for sale in England for the purpose for which Kilcoleman is destined, though we must own to a regret that such a grand style of fencing and sweeping action should be wasted in the forest of Fontainebleau.

Major Wilkin made a good choice for himself in securing Lucifer at the low rate of 55 guineas. Horse and rider will do each other justice, and that is no bad compliment to the latter, considering the fine style in which Lucifer fences, his courage, and his indubitable quality. We congratulate Mr. Ekyon on his having snatched Amulet from the close competition of a Norfolk peer and a Berkshire squire: he has got a charming mare, and she a good master. Mr. T. White, who secured Enniscorthy for 310 guineas, may rest assured that, barring accidents, his horse cannot be worth less than 500 guineas in another year. Kilmallock developed quite unexpected perverseness, but his chief fault is youth, and he is such a fine long horse that his possessor is never likely to grudge the small sum he gave for him. Another symptom of the superiority of the horses, and their cheapness, showed in the increased bids made privately in several quarters for the hunters after their sale. Bids were made three times over for Wargame, but his gallant owner knew his worth too well to give anyone the chance of again getting a three-hundred-guinea horse under his value. Dublin, a handsome brown of great quality; Connaught a "picture" and "performer" in one; The Priest and Castle Blayney, Nappertandy, The Matron, and Lurganmore were among the other bargains of the sale; but lovers of hunting and hunters will be pleased to hear that, although his customers benefited and Sir Thomas lost by this last venture, he is determined not to relax his efforts nor reduce his expenditure when forming next year's stud, which he is resolved shall, as far as possible, surpass even the best of those he sold last week, his object being less to make large gains than to establish the reputation of his stables as containing the best and highest class lot of hunters possible to be obtained.

	Gs.
Napper Tandy (Mr. P. Barker)	85
Snuffbox (Mr. S. Cox)	200
Hordley (Mr. Austen)	140
Ward (Captain Dunn)	85
The General (Mr. R. D. Day)	120
The Matron (Messrs. Newman and Lansley)	150
Queen Anne (Captain Dunn)	120
Lurganbeg (Mr. F. Allen)	220
Enniscorthy (Mr. C. Page Wood)	310
Gossoon (Captain Astley)	115
Rufa (Mr. Eatwell)	105
Lurganmore (Messrs. Newman and Lansley)	100
Castle Blayney (Mr. Eatwell)	135
The Blazer (Colonel J. Sharp)	100
The Squireen (Mr. F. Allen)	90
The Percher (Mr. Whiteside)	80
Woodlander (General Fytche)	135
Ulster (Colonel Wood)	145
Sobriety, a bay pony (Mr. Bainbridge)	100
Footbridge (Mr. Sebeth)	220
Total	4,340

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT NEWMARKET.

	Gs.
Spinosa (3 yrs) by Solar—Rachael	Mr. Polak 35
Ixion (3 yrs), by Outcast—Satanella	Mr. Goddard 85
Lauzin (3 yrs) (late Mr. Toots), by Gladiateur—Lovelace	Mr. Polak 120
Repeal (3 yrs), by General Peel—Hopblissom	Mr. C. Brown 75
Militant (2 yrs), by Adventurer—Milliner	Mr. J. Dawson 25
Huntly (4 yrs), by The Palmer—Virginia	General Pearson 250
Bay Wyndham (3 yrs), by Lord Clifden—Violet	Mr. T. V. Morgan 350
Halifax (4 yrs), by Elland—Baroness	Mr. W. Reeves 210
Father Claret (3 yrs), by D'Estourne—Defamation	Mr. Scavenius 310
Marquesas (3 yrs), by Marsyas—Nukuheva	Mr. Salter 30
Levant (3 yrs), by Adventurer—Repulse	Mr. Howett 60
Aldrich (5 yrs), by Lecturer—Lady Lotty	Captain Soames 55
Majesty (3 yrs), by Knight of the Garter—Honeycomb	Sir W. Call 200
Belle de Fer (6 yrs), by Voltigeur—Sweetbriar	Mr. W. Smith 150
Miss Cottingham (3 yrs), by Speculum—Hesperithusa (b), covered by Couronne de Fer	Mr. Nightingall 115

THE PROPERTY OF MR. BEADSMAN.

Pascarel (4 yrs), by Blair Athol—Alma	Mr. Jarvis 60
Mont Valerien (6 yrs), by Broonieclaw—Battery	Mr. Craig 200
Poursuivant (4 yrs), by Lord Lyon—Editha	Mr. G. Reynolds 950
Pedigree, by Keith—Maid of Derwent	Mr. Newhouse 210
Sidon (2 yrs), by The Palmer—Sideview	Mr. Parr 30

YEARLING, THE PROPERTY OF MR. SMITH.

Whimble, b c by Young Trumpeter—Little Nan	Mr. C. Bush 400
Ch f by Roan Horse—Miss Sarah	Mr. Wilkinson 50
B f by Blinkholie, dam by Voltigeur	Mr. Wilkinson 75
B or f by Blinkholie—Enfeld's dam	Mr. Wilkinson 75

YEARLING, THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. GEE.

Br c by The Miner—Catalina	Mr. Naylor 50
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SCENE FROM WAGNER'S OPERA "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



A FRACIOUS YOUNGSTER.

TURFIANA.

LAST week's racing, which was mainly of a provincial character, does not furnish much for comment, but a great fillip is undoubtedly given to racing at this season of the year, by the introduction of two-year-old nursery stakes, which helps to vary the monotony of programmes, and brings to the front a lot of juveniles, who have found their level considerably below the standard which qualifies them to take part in the higher class two-year-old stakes. We can see no just cause for imposing a restriction upon the handicapping of two-year-olds so late a period of the season, and the framers of the new code seem to have taken this view, and have recommended that in future two-year-old handicaps shall come in with the partridges on September 1. So that the old and popular feature of the Doncaster Friday is certain to be renewed in its "Nursery," which invariably attracted good fields of high class animals, and delighted the souls of pencilers by the way. We suppose the original move (which was originated by Sir Joseph Hawley) was one in the right direction, regarding it theoretically, but it cannot be said that the labours of two-year-olds have been lessened thereby, and it is difficult to see what other object the restriction had in view. Clerks of courses can no more serve up an attractive bill of fare without the two-year-old element, than a *chef* can frame a *menu* without recourse to the delicacies of the season. Therefore, we expect, in course of time, to see the present limitation "go by the board," and the golden days of the Goodwood and York nurseries once more revived among us. Hundred pound plates and small sweepstakes are all very well to attract the smaller fry at the beginning of the season, but one or two Tritons speedily scare away all the minnows, and thus the occupation of a large body of mediocrities is gone until the handicapper can take them in hand. Whether it is desirable to encourage these "lesser folk" at all, is quite another question; but we have them, like the poor, always among us, and must make the best of them accordingly.

As we anticipated, Lord Lyon will not leave Shepherd's Bush, where he did a good stroke of business last year. If we recollect aright, his fee at Mr. Cookson's (who was the first to "take him by the hand" after he bade farewell to the *rouge et noir* of Sutton) was the same as that at which he is advertised to stand next season, viz., 50 guineas. He has been very low in the world since his old Neasham days, but has fairly worked his way up again, if not quite to the top of the tree, at any rate to a most respectable position. None of Stockwell's sons, out of descendants of Touchstone, have been unqualified successes at the stud, while many so bred have been notable failures; and, curiously enough, Blair Athol and Thunderbolt, who are out of Melbourne and Venison mares respectively, have succeeded in making the best mark. At Moorlands Knight of the Garter has well deserved his promotion to 40 guineas, and he has made a good show with his two-year-olds, while his yearling stock at Doncaster commanded a favourable public verdict. In his keeping the honour of the Melbourne line would appear to be safe; and as he has youth on his side, and is universally popular in Yorkshire, we shall expect good things of him. Vanderdecken, among others, will keep him company, and though Lord Aylesford's horse struck us as rather light and leggy when he entered the show lists at Muswell Hill, a couple of seasons since, we are assured that he has since grown the right way, and shows a deal of the Sweetmeat character. He had the honour of being one of those on behalf of which the Prussian deputy, Count Liehendorff, came on his mission to England; but the figure set upon the Dutchman's head was too high, and The Palmer crossed the "silver streak" in his place. Speculum is the other standing dish at Mr. Thompson's place, and Spiegelschiff and others have kept his name well before the public. The success of this son of Vedette should hold out hope of similar success in the case of Galopin, who takes up his quarters at Lord Rosslyn's for next season, and is likely to become as popular at the stud as he was while running in the Bathany green.

Newmarket Second October has, so far, been a fairly successful meeting, and there have been fewer of those dismal walks over and "failures to fill" than usual. Still, the weather at first was not inviting, and there was none of that genial crispness of atmosphere which generally makes the Cesarewitch week an enjoyable one to habitues of the Heath. Every winner on the first day was home-trained, and Count Lagrange and Mr. Houldsworth each scored twice. Despite rumours to the disparagement of Merry Agnes (a rarely bred one by Marksman out of Wild Tommy's dam) she was pulled out twice to meet defeat from the Elfin banner of Green Lodge, which holds some high-class representatives this season, by whose instrumentality we hope to see their worthy owner returned among the first flight of "winning owners." The fine old Russley strains of blood, which Mr. Houldsworth was determined to retain at any price, are beginning to make their influence duly felt, and we hear no more of the sale and retirement, which were rumoured in the summer. Bruce keeps working his way steadily up to the top of the tree, and may do Joseph Dawson the best of all good turns next year, if his temper has not been spoiled by asking him the question too often. His sire was rather an uncertain gentleman, but a real good horse when in the vein, and for some reason he has always been a favourite with breeders at head-quarters. Crann Tair evidently does not care for more than half a mile, but both the youngsters had a capital trial horse in Lollypop, who looked quite as blooming as at Doncaster, and his party evidently thought it "good goods" for their nag. During the day, the watchers on the lonely heath retailed their adverse criticisms upon Rosebery and Woodlands, much to the benefit of their backers, who stood to their great guns like men. The elements, too, declared for the lightly-weighted four-year-olds, though the omen was not universally accepted, and Hopbloom and Umpire held unshaken positions.

It must be now sufficiently evident that the Lagrange stable threw away the Cesarewitch by allowing La Courreuse to "go a plating" on her own account, and even after her first win she did not seem to be out of the race, considering that the greater number of competitors were anything but approved good stayers. The pace at starting and the heavy ground effectually settled Hopbloom, but when we hinted that Umpire was likely to show as bold a front as his namesake in Hartington's year, we little thought that the Irishman would occupy an exactly similar position to the savage son of Lecompte. "Still to be near, but never to be first" should be the motto of Merry Duchess, whose pedigree reads none of the stoutest, while no one would have selected Woodlands and Rosebery on breeding grounds. That the former cannot stay is clear enough, but Lord Freddy rightly deemed that he could stay long enough for most of them, and did not quite reckon without his host, in judiciously "covering" on the winner. Rosebery's success will give another lift to Speculum, who has never got anything like so stout a horse before, though a good deal must be put down to his dam Ladylike, a wonderfully-bred mare, and one of the few daughters of Newminster who have thrown great winners. Rosebery carried a very fair weight, and we fancy an extra 7lb. would not have altered matters much, for he had all his horses settled a long way from home, and could have won by double the recorded distance. The Clearwell form was pretty good, and now folks are talking of Verneuil's defeat of Silvio at the First October as a fluke; but let them not be deceived

in respect of the big chestnut Frenchman, who has all the appearance of astonishing the world next year, should he go on picking up his crumbs during the winter. Verneuil is more like the "second Gladiateur" than any animal we have seen since his day.

The decision of the Cesarewitch has set many tongues wagging on the Cambridgeshire, and Rosebery, of course, finds plenty of backers. Within our recollection this has always been the case with winners of the long-distance race, but "old experience" points to their almost universal discomfiture over the Cambridgeshire course. Notwithstanding this new candidate for favour, The Ghost and Lord Lincoln have not suffered much at the time of writing, and we cannot help regarding the chance of Woodlands as a formidable one, considering him to be more of a sprinter than a stayer, and better adapted to the Criterion Hill than the flat. Merry Duchess is bound to be formidable again, if she does not turn the tables on her two conquerors in the Cesarewitch, and Coomassie will be much more within her distance here than in the larger race. However, it is useless to hazard an opinion thus early, and a few genuine moves will probably be made next week, as the market assumes a more settled aspect. In the meantime, that enterprising triumvirate composed of Messrs. Merry, Frail, and Topham have been getting their programme nicely under way for the November campaign, which will be carried on with its usual spirit and vigour, until the commencement of the winter armistice. The entries for Shrewsbury, Liverpool, and Warwick are on the same recklessly magnificent scale as usual, and we are further threatened with Brighton Autumn Meeting in the early days of the foggy month. This should be a success, as it will be the height of "society's season" with the Queen of the South, and the children of Israel will have made their exodus from her tabernacles. And it is to be hoped that, in return for the enterprise and liberality of the management, owners will come forward and make the Cup a bumper, and as there is at present no bright particular star to outshine all the rest in this particular line, there should be little difficulty in getting together a respectable field to wind up the season.

SKYLARK.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

RESULTS OF COUNTY MATCHES IN 1876.—No. 3.

LANCASHIRE.

Date and Place.	1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
May 15, 16, and 17, Nottingham.	189	89 ⁰	278
* Four wickets down. Lancashire won by six wickets.	147	128	275
June 1 and 2, Manchester.	163	—	163
Lancashire won by an innings, and 25 runs.	70	68	138
June 15, 16, and 17, Rochdale.	181	27 ⁰	208
* No wicket down. Lancashire won by ten wickets.	56	149	205
June 22, 23 and 24, Manchester.	56	98	154
* One wicket down. Yorkshire won by nine wickets.	138	17 ⁰	155
July 3 and 4, Derby.	111	172	283
Lancashire won by 95 runs.	63	125	188
July 10, 11, and 12, Sheffield.	127	70	197
Yorkshire won by 18 runs.	129	86	215
July 13, 14, and 15, Manchester.	158	138	296
* Nine wickets down. Nottinghamshire won by one wicket.	104	103 ⁰	297
August 3, 4, and 5, Sussex.	67	150	226
* Seven wickets down. Sussex won by three wickets.	120	98 ⁰	227
August 17, 18, and 19, Brighton.	141	97	238
Sussex won by 12 runs.	142	84	226
August 21, 22, and 23, Gravesend.	128	85	213
Kent won by 129 runs.	149	193	342

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 10; won, 5; lost, 5.

KENT.

Date and Place.	1st inn.	2nd inn.	Total.
June 8, 9, and 10, Southampton.	155	95	250
Hampshire won by 236 runs.	215	271	486
June 15, 16, and 17, Rochdale.	56	149	205
* No wicket down. Lancashire won by ten wickets.	181	27 ⁰	208
June 19 and 20, Derby.	131	113	244
Lancashire won by 32 runs.	105	171	270
June 20, 21, and 22, Brighton.	203	250	453
Sussex won by 57 runs.	180	330	510
July 17, 18, and 19, Tunbridge Wells.	156	213 ⁰	369
* Nine wickets down. Kent won by one wicket.	200	168	368
July 20 and 21, Tunbridge Wells.	145	116 ⁰	261
* Eight wickets down. Kent won by two wickets.	147	112	259
July 27, 28 and 29, Maidstone.	363	99 ⁰	453
* Four wickets down. Kent won by six wickets.	271	181	452
August 17, 18, and 19, Faversham.	129	142	271
Hampshire won by an innings, and 6 runs.	277	—	277
August 21, 22, and 23, Gravesend.	149	193	342
Lancashire won by 129 runs.	128	85	213
August 24, 25 and 26, Kennington Oval.	66	258	324
* No wicket down. Surrey won by ten wickets.	268	57 ⁰	325

SUMMARY.—Matches played, 10; won, 4; lost, 6.

From the table given above it will be at once seen that Lancashire had hardly a very successful season, as out of ten matches half were lost and half were won. With regard to her strength in amateurs no other county, with, perhaps, the exception of Kent, can muster a greater number, but during the past season her best amateur bowler, Mr. Appleby, took part in only a few contests. Watson, the Southerton of the North, and W. McIntyre (formerly of Nottinghamshire), have worthily sustained the credit of the county Palatine as bowlers. Mr. Hornby's batting, and really marvellously fine fielding are so well known that it is only necessary to state that he showed no falling off in either branch of the game during the season of '76, while in Barlow, if he could only learn to hit a little more, Lancashire would have, in conjunction with Mr. Hornby, a pair of the best batsmen in England. Perhaps, the two most creditable matches played by this county were the first against Nottinghamshire, when a six wickets' victory was scored, and the return against Yorkshire, when after a very close and exciting contest Lancashire was defeated by 18 runs only. Kent, in spite of Lord Harris's best efforts as captain fared very badly during the past season, four victories being more than counter-balanced by six defeats. Like Lancashire, her strength lies in the amateur element of cricketers, but it seems that some of her best batsmen prefer to play for other counties, under the residential qualification. The reason of this defection is, of course, quite beyond my ken, but it should be otherwise, and I fear that no one county is a better example of "a house divided against itself" than Kent, which appears to suffer from internal dissensions and cliques, as well as from the

disadvantage of having no fixed head-quarters. That Kent may have a more successful season in 1877 is, I am sure, the earnest wish of all good cricketers, although it is generally reported that Lord Harris will no longer act as captain and president of the county club. Another rumour reached me some weeks since, but, rather doubting whether the whisper were true or not, I refused to give it publication. It was to the effect that, owing to continued ill health, Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald would resign the secretaryship of the Marylebone Club. Seeing this stated in a contemporary which is generally well posted in the doings of that Club, I suppose the report may be fairly accepted as true. Mr. H. Perkins will, in the meantime, temporarily discharge the duties of secretary, it is said.

All the meetings of the London Athletic Club are, it is well known, highly popular, and that one which took place last Saturday afternoon proved no exception to the rule. In spite of the rain, some of the events produced exceedingly close finishes. The *pièce de résistance* was the contest for the half-mile challenge cup, held by H. W. Hill, who was challenged by W. Slade, F. T. Elbrough, and the Hon. A. L. Pelham. As these four are the best amateurs we have ever had at the distance, fast time and an exciting race were anticipated, and, consequently, that much-abused entity, the British public, mustered in force at Lillie Bridge. It is well they did so, as they would otherwise have missed one of the finest races ever seen. Slade led out, followed by Pelham for a short distance, when the latter dashed momentarily to the front; but there was very little in it, the four keeping well together up to within about 80 yds from home, when Elbrough, who had previously contented himself with last place, began to "move," and got in, drawing level with the others, in another 30 yds had them beaten, and dashed away in the grandest form ever seen since the days of old Jem Nuttall, the celebrated professional, who has done the fastest time at this distance ever made in England, and won by 4 yds in 1 min. 57¹ secs., the best yet accomplished by an amateur. This would in itself have seemed a grand day's work for one man, had he walked to the mark fresh; but it was not the case in this instance, Elbrough having an hour before beaten the best recorded performance (for amateurs) at 220 yards, in a race for the challenge cup. He had but one opponent, A. Powles; but the latter, as he showed in Ireland last June, was virtually our amateur champion at that distance, so Elbrough had to do what our American cousins call his "level best." This he did with a vengeance, leaving Powles as though he were standing still, some fifty yards from home, and running right through, a winner by 30 yds (Powles pulling up at this point) in 22 3-5th sec, which just beats Mr. E. J. Colbeck's memorable performance of June, 1867, by a fraction. After this, the remainder of the programme, though good in itself, seemed by comparison, "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" the only other notable fact being the running of H. Macdougall in the sprints. He won the 100 yards challenge cup "in a canter," in a trifle worse than the "half second," and in the 100 yards handicap, in which he started from the 4¹/₂ yards mark, reached the goal in 9 4-5th sec, a feat that is not often done at Lillie-bridge, it being quite equal to running 100 yards in 10¹/₂ sec, which appears to be about the acme of amateur pedestrianism.

Keen has again shown his superiority over all others in riding fifty miles on a bicycle, he having defeated his old opponent Stanton over that distance on Monday last, at Lillie-bridge. From the commencement the champion was made a strong favourite, and it was plain to all who know anything of this now popular branch of sport, that Keen held his opponent safe at any part of the race. Contenting himself with lying behind his opponent for some time, Keen only took the lead temporarily until in the first lap of the forty-fourth mile, when he dashed in front with a marvellous spurt, and after lapping his adversary twice, Stanton retired and left the champion to complete the distance by himself, which he completed in the wonderfully quick time of 3h 6min 45sec.

As the race between Sadler and Boyd is dealt with in full in another column, I shall merely state that no man could have possibly made greater improvement in style than the Northerner, who won an easy victory, thanks to the able coaching of George Drewitt. Sadler was in the best of health, but from the commencement seemed completely destitute of all his old fire and dash, and appeared scarcely capable of raising a spurt. Beyond the fact that the Thames International Regatta promises to prove fairly successful, considering the lateness of the season, nothing calls for further comment from EXON.

MR. H. SAFFERY met with a somewhat severe accident on Friday afternoon, by being thrown from his gig while returning from Paris to Neuilly; some soldiers found him lying insensible in the roadway. It is supposed his horse was frightened by a passing train.

CROYDON STEEPECHASE MEETING.—The Great Metropolitan Steeplechase and the Grand National Handicap Hurdle Race close and name to J. F. Verrall, Esq., The Mulberries, Denmark-hill, S.E., on Thursday, October 24. Full particulars will be found in our advertisement columns.

BRIGHTON COACH HORSES.—In our advertisement columns will be found full particulars of the sale on the 25th inst., at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, of upwards of forty horses, which have been working the London and Brighton coach, and are to be sold in consequence of the termination of the coaching season. They are chiefly young Irish horses, selected in Ireland early in the year for Mr. Stewart Freeman, the proprietor of the coach; are in fine working condition, and many of them clever fencers, fit for cross country purposes. To those looking out for good weight-carrying hunters the above is an opportunity seldom met with.

ALEXANDRA PALACE COSTUME CONTESTS.—The Alexandra Palace Company held their second show during the past and present weeks, the management of which has not been everything that could be desired, although the costumes exhibited were decidedly much better in style than those of the spring show. Messrs. D. Nicholson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, had several novel and stylish dresses, both for ladies and children, for which they obtained seven prizes and one honourable mention. Messrs. Anderson, Abbott, and Anderson, of Queen Victoria-street, exhibited almost every description of vulcanised india-rubber garments, in various textures, the most noticeable of which were the patent hygienic ventilating waterproof coats; they are light in wear, thoroughly waterproof, and have the appearance of an ordinary cloth ulster.

BOWLING.—The weather being favourable, a match was played, in the presence of many spectators, on Wednesday last, at Mr. Dickinson's Black Horse Inn, Walton-on-the-Hill, near Liverpool, by Mr. Tempest Fozard, of Kirkdale, and Mr. John Thornton, of Liverpool. Two games, seven up, at evens, were played. The parties started at scratch, no points being given. Both games, which were played amidst great excitement, owing to the well known bowling qualifications of Mr. Thornton, and on his own farm, were meritously won by Mr. Fozard, who is a junior pupil of the well-known bowler Mr. John Clare, of the above township.

"IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT!"—Unfortunately many ladies have more cogent reasons for "Wearing the Cap" than its fitness, viz.: the loss of Nature's own covering. The use of Rowlands' MACASSAR Oil, however, will render this expedient unnecessary, as it preserves the hair from falling off, and at the same time imparts to it a softness and brilliancy which is truly charming. Sold by chemists.—[ADVR.]

MISS LOTTIE VENNE.

THE subject of our portrait on the front page this week is a striking instance of *multum in parvo*. Not that Miss Lottie Venne is remarkably small, but charmingly petite. She displays a fund of artistic resource sufficient to set up half a dozen ladies as excellent actresses.

The lady in question has been for some time delighting the audiences of that happiest of houses, the Strand, with her light and graceful acting and sweet and sympathetic singing. Whether in burlesque or comedy she has been ever pleasing, but never to so marked a degree as in the engagement we have just mentioned. Her unobtrusive style and delivery (and what stage virtue is more laudable than unobtrusiveness) is quite refreshing.

Miss Lottie Venne had the good fortune to commence her artistic career at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's, which has more than once proved itself a most excellent school for stage study. Here it was, nine years ago, that Miss Lottie Venne made her début in *A Dream of Venice*; she then travelled through the provinces, including Ireland, where she was particularly successful.

Returning to London, she made her first appearance on the regular Metropolitan stage at the Haymarket theatre, as "Cupid" in *Atlanta*; here she had the provincial opinion endorsed with the invaluable signature of London approval. Again she visited the country, paying frequent visits to the scenes of former successes, and finally returned to London, to play in *La Vie Parisienne* at the Holborn Theatre. She has since fulfilled successful engagements at the Court and Strand theatres, at which latter house she recently played "Darnley," in Brough's burlesque of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*; immediately afterwards appearing as "Cicely Homespun" in the *Heir at Law*, during Mr. J. S. Clarke's engagement there. Miss Lottie Venne is the wife of Mr. Walter Fisher, the well known actor and tenor.

MISS HEATH.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY had given his famous farewell performance at Drury Lane, and the late Charles Kean was in the zenith of his popularity at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford-street, when *The Prima Donna*, a little drama, written by Dion Boucicault, was produced there, in which a tasteful and accomplished young actress, a slim girl of fourteen years, made her début on the regular boards. This lady, the subject of our brief memoir, was Miss Heath, and her first appearance was a singularly successful one. The year of her début is memorable in the annals of the stage as that in which Charles Kean successfully divested Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* of the operatic and textual interpolations by which it had been too long disfigured. Amongst the players with whom the Princess's was then associated were Charles Kean, T. P. Cooke, Bartley, J. Vining, J. Cathcart, Meadows, Harley, Keeley, Wigan, Ryder, Wynn, Wright, Walter Lacy, Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Mary Keeley, Mrs. Winstanley, and Miss Kate Terry, then a child of ten years—names which still have echoes of tenderness in the hearts of all old playgoers, who shake their grave heads doubtfully at more recent successors, and with a sigh recall the golden days of which we write. Alas! how very few of the choice spirits who then gave delight to our hours of leisure are still with us.

That pleasant trifle, *The Prima Donna*—of course, an adaptation, and from the French—ran thirty-four nights, and inaugurated Mr. Charles Kean's third season in Oxford-street. Miss Heath retained the favour she had won in it, and played in many of the succeeding grand Shakespearean revivals, including that which we have already named as one of the greatest dramatic features of the year. She also made her appearance in some of the less important dramas of that period, including, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Westland Marston's beautiful play of *Anne Blake*, Bayle Bernard's *Mont St. Michel*, another adaptation from the French, in which Harley and Wright appeared, and yet another adaptation, from the libretto of Scribe's opera of *Marco Spada*. In the grand revival of Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, Miss Heath won almost universal praise for the dignity and feeling she displayed in the single scene in which Queen Zerina appeared, and in Morris' *Bennet's Married Unmarried* she also won great applause.

At the private theatricals at Windsor Castle, which were then frequent, Miss Heath often played, and amongst other characters personated Miranda in *The Tempest*, Mrs. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*, and Julia in the *Rivals*, winning therein as much favour from the Queen and the Royal Family, as she had previously received from the public.

Mr. Kean re-opened the Princess's Theatre for his fifth season with Douglas Jerrold's well-known three-act drama, *A Heart of Gold*, the announcement of which resulted in a public quarrel between the dramatist and manager. The latter was accused by the former of intending to murder his piece with bad acting, and casting a novice (Miss Heath), a mere girl, who had recently made her first appearance, for a part which he had written for an actress of the highest eminence and widest experience—Mrs. Charles Kean. After the piece had been produced, Douglas Jerrold, in a stinging article, denounced the performance as a case of brutal murder on the part of the manager and actors, from which sweeping censure, however, he made one "graceful exception" in favour of Miss Heath. Douglas Jerrold complained that the principal part had been written for Charles Kean, who had declined to play it, and that it had been put into rehearsal without his sanction and superintendence. Lawyers were set to work, and the whole affair turned out "a pretty kettle of fish" for the public table, the manager insisting that he had a perfect right to do what he pleased with his own, that is to say, with this play, for which he had given £300. Mr. Punch had most to do with the quarrel, we believe. Douglas Jerrold's praise of Miss Heath's performance was echoed by the London daily press, and most of the critics dwelt with enthusiasm upon her delivery of the lines descriptive of London as seen from the top of St. Paul's.

From Mr. Charles Kean and the Princess's Theatre Miss Heath went to Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, where Shakespeare then had a permanent metropolitan residence, and his great works drew night after night audiences crowded from pit to gallery. She made her first appearance before these intelligent Islingtonians as Juliet, and won the most enthusiastic applause. "The fall of the curtain," wrote an eye-witness, "was the signal for one of the most rapturous calls it has ever been our lot to witness." On the withdrawal of *Romeo and Juliet* Miss Heath played Mary Thornberry, in Colman's excellent old play, *John Bull*, and it was observed that a staid formality and studied artificiality, which somewhat marred her acting at the Princess's had given way to a more natural and forcibly realistic style.

We need not, on this occasion, continue our notes upon the career of this talented lady, as it will be fresh in the memories of all playgoers, both London and provincial, some of her greatest triumphs on the stage having been won in the provinces. Her latest triumph, in Mr. Wills's new play, *Jane Shore*, is now nightly crowding one of the largest of our London theatres, that in which she made her début. By almost universal consent it has been pronounced one of the most powerful and thrilling impersonations seen in London for many a day. The effect produced on the audience by her great scene is simply indescribable.

SPORT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

THE "Herr Barons" of England, who visit Germany—all Englishmen are Herr Barons there—and wend their way through the dark and lofty pine forests, where even the summer mornings are cold, will find therein no lack of sport. The cock of the wood, wildest and most quick-sighted of birds, the roe-deer, the chamois, the boar, partridges and black-cock, foxes and hares, with other game, abound; and the sturdy forester's hearty "Waidmanns Heil!" seldom fails to be prophetic to a genuine British Nimrod. Our illustration on page 72, embodies some few phases of German sport in the Black Forest, including the picturesque occupation of badger-hunting, a sketch of which occupies the prominent position.

FALSE SCENT.

OUR illustration will bring to the mind of many an old sportsman the hours he has patiently waited, and the miles he has trudged, to get to windward of the game, and how at the last moment, when his fondest hopes were apparently about to be realised, the leader suddenly sniffed the wind, and detected the "false scent." Then, hey, presto! away they all scamper, leaving him to mourn his ill luck, his only alternative being to return home and try his fortune on the morrow.

The following extract from a letter I read some short time since in one of the German papers, may not prove uninteresting to our English sportsmen, who are equally fond of express rifles and long range guns; the same thoughts may probably occur to them as it did to the writer in the Black Forest, should a similar occurrence befall them. He says:—

"Having at last got within shot of a splendid buck, I took a good steady aim, and fired—but missed. Being disgusted that this my first shot should be a failure, and knowing I should have hours to wait before there would be the possibility of another, I decided to retrace my steps towards the inn, where in due time I arrived, and was awaiting my dinner, when a peasant came in and informed me the buck I had shot was outside on his cart, and that he had brought it down for me, thinking it would save time. My astonishment at this piece of intelligence can readily be understood. I went out, and, sure enough, upon the shafts, and still warm, was a fine buck, not so large as the one I had fired at in the morning, but still a very fair one. I could in no way account for this extraordinary piece of good luck, and, from inquiries I made, found there was no other sportsman out, and that only one shot had been heard the whole morning. Being very desirous of clearing up the mystery, I prevailed on the driver, after having discharged his load, to accompany me to the place where he had found the deer, and then gave him instructions to whistle and halloo until I came to him, whilst I, in the meantime, sought the place from whence I had fired in the morning, which, after some difficulty, I succeeded in doing; I then marked the place where I had spotted my buck, and then followed the sound of the man's voice in a direct line, saw that my shot had struck a tree, bounded off, and killed at a distance of 500 paces the second buck, which it was utterly impossible to see from the place where I was when I fired. The thoughts that crowded on my mind were the reverse of pleasant, supposing I had shot a doe heavy with her young, or one of the horses, or, worse than all, the driver, who must have passed the very spot soon after, as the animal was lying in the centre of the road. As I think this hunting adventure stands alone of its class (excepting, perhaps, in Baron Munchausen's exploits), I think it worth recording."

There can be no doubt that with the far carrying guns of the present day, too much care cannot be bestowed, especially in parts frequented by people pursuing their daily avocations.

GREYHOUND RACES AT THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

The HENDON STAKES, for sixteen all-aged dogs, at £2 2s; winner, £20 and cup; second, £8; third and fourth, £2 each.

I.

Mr. Phillips's r d Antelope beat Mr. Luckin's b d Under Orders
Mr. Costin's b k Dard Hit, by Iron Shot—Blue Bell, beat Mr. Howe's b w b Maid of Avenel, by Foam—Flying Scud
Mr. Hewer's r w d Charles, by Tempest—Lady, beat Mr. Warner nd f w d Ringtail, by Sandridge—Pearl of the Sea
Mr. Kew's f b Kate beat Mr. F. Bray's b k w d Doctor
Mr. Francis and f d Charles, by Master Bell—Miranda, beat Mr. Gray's b k w d Bay
Mr. Horton Rhy's b k w d Prince beat Mr. Harris's b k d Suo Marte, by Rocketer—Black Beauty
Mr. Learoyd nd b k t d Harefoot, by Master Walker—Morine, beat Mr. Conquest, junc., b k w b Hynod, by Blairgowrie—Weazel
Mr. Wylie rd f b Wasp by Falkirk—Joyful, beat Mr. Palmer's f d Sam, by Celebrated—Formosa

II.

Charley beat Prince
Wasp beat Harefoot

III.

| Wasp beat Charley

IV.

Hard Hit beat Wasp, and won.

The KINGSBURY STAKES, for eight all-aged dogs, at £1 1s; winner, £6; second, £2.

I.

Mr. J. Tuck's f b Maid of Athens, by Stonehenge—Teaser, beat Mr. Frost's f b Liz, by Sam Weller—Morning Star
Mr. W. Wigmore's r d Sir John Falstaff, by Master Bell—Morine, beat Mr. Kew's f w d Kaiser

Mr. Dent's r w b Charming Neil, by Bacchanal—Caroline, beat Mr. Bury's b w d Master Bismarck, by Bismarck—Rosina II.

Mr. F. Learoyd's b k t d Master Rienzi, by Rocket—Village Maid, beat Mr. R. Hatchett's b d p Hendon, by Hammond—Wriggle and Twist

II.

Sir John Falstaff beat Maid of Athens | Charming Neil beat Master Rienzi

III.

Charming Neil beat Sir John Falstaff, and won.

Of the numerous meetings which it is intended to hold at Mr. Warner's during the present season, the first took place on Saturday last. The weather, however, was anything but favourable, as rain came down in torrents for an hour and a half prior to a commencement, and there is no doubt caused many hundreds to stop away. Every arrangement for the comfort of visitors had been carefully attended to by Mr. Warner, the old stand from Kingsbury being brought into requisition, and as plenty of straw had been strewn all over the ring, the ill effects of the damp ground were hardly felt. Owing to the rain, too, the start, which had been fixed to take place at twelve o'clock, was delayed for upwards of an hour, when proceedings commenced with the Hendon Stakes of sixteen dogs, Antelope and Under Orders being the first to go to the slips, the hare remaining on the track just long enough for the former to be returned the winner. It would be as well to mention here that since the trials which took place some three weeks ago new machinery had been constructed, and it was thought that everything would go on right. Such, however, was not the case, as it was found that the new gear was too powerful and jerky in its working to bring the hare home into its proper rendezvous. Hence the jumping of the hare out of the groove, and the breaking of the wire in several instances. There is, however, great allowance to be made for those mishaps, and in particular the heavy pelting rain had washed the earth into the groove, and so blocked it that there was no other alternative than a break somewhere, and the wire, to my thinking, not being of

sufficient strength, was compelled to break. After several tries, and when all began to despair of ultimate success, the old machinery was tried, and the much too long run-in considerably decreased. This done, everything went on as well as possible, and some really grand racing was witnessed, several of the contests being only won by head and shoulders, half a length, and a length. Owing to the time wasted at the commencement, the Harp Stakes was not gone into, but there was no difficulty experienced in getting through the Hendon and Kingsbury Stakes, for which, as the return will show, some animals of excellent breeding put in an appearance, and there is little doubt but that with the improvements now seen to be wanted, this novel dog-racing venture will be a success.

AMESBURY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

MR. CHATTERTON AND COLLY CIBBER.

SIR,—With much well-founded respect for the opinion of your contributor "A. H. Doubleyew," I must confess that his endorsement of the *Times* comments on Colley Cibber's *Richard III* surprised me. No one with any knowledge of stage requirements can read Shakespeare's original tragedy without perceiving how unsuitable it is for dramatic representation on the modern stage, and Mr. Chatterton would have been as unfit for his position as the present dramatic critic of the *Times* is for that which he occupies, if he had acted upon the idea recommended by the latter for its adoption. I need not tell A. H. Doubleyew what is evidently quite unknown to the childish little fellow who shuffles so clumsily in the roomy shoes of full grown John Oxenford, namely, that *Richard III*, was never written by Shakespeare as a play complete in itself, but was simply the closing section of a grand historical drama to which the three parts of *Henry VI*, were preliminary.

Schlegel says: "I cannot help thinking there is an injustice in considering the three parts of *Henry VI*, as of little value compared with *Richard III*. These four plays were undoubtedly composed in succession, as is proved by the style and the spirit in the handling of the subject; the last is definitely announced in the one that precedes it, and is also full of references to it; the same views run through the series; in a word, the whole make together only one single work." It was doubtless in this belief that our much-abused old friend, Colley Cibber—whose portrait I was delighted to find in your pages, for I had never before seen it—it was doubtless in this belief that he strove to piece out from the preliminary portions, sufficient to make the last intelligible and complete in its story and expression, and I feel sure that no one who, with these ideas in view, impartially examines Shakespeare's *Richard III*, will fail to see how excellently it has been adapted for a thing complete in itself, by Colley Cibber first, and now by Mr. Chatterton, instead of being given à la *Times* critic and "A. H. Doubleyew." Apologising for again obtruding on your space, I am, &c., X.

SHAKSPEARE'S "LAW."

SIR,—I observe that in your number dated the 23rd ult., Mr. Wigglesworth Dallison, Q.C., censures "the badness of the law as laid down in the trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, militating so strongly, as it does, against the late Lord Campbell's theory that Shakespeare was a lawyer." Now, sir, I am not, I trust, like Sidney Smith's Scotchman, who requires a surgical operation to drill a joke into his head; yet, while appreciating the wit, as well as the soundness of law, and greater probability of Mr. Wigglesworth Dallison's "adaptation," I venture to remark that, if it has occurred to the learned Q.C., it may not have done so to some of your readers; that the Immortal Bard—be he Shakespeare or Lord Bacon—had in view the Venetian law, or what it might have been at the time in which *The Merchant of Venice* is laid, and not the English law of his own or any other period.—Apologising for intrusion on your time, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

N. B.

October 6, 1876.

GOUNOD'S REQUIEM.

SIR,—Allow me to correct a misstatement occurring in your number for September 30. The *Requiem*, of which you publish a small fac simile fragment, was written in 1872 and 1873 by M. Gounod. It was performed for the first time at St. James's Hall on the 8th February, 1873. I bought it this year of the original publisher for the benefit of my Orphanage, and it is now published by the Music and Art Association, 39, Great Marlborough Street. The *Requiem* was composed and written for full chorus and orchestral score, in this house.—Your obedient servant,

GEORGINA WELDON.

BRIGHTON.—The dog show, which is to be held at Mr. Bennett-Stanford's park at Preston, on the 24th to the 27th inst., promises to be most successful.

DURING the week ending on Saturday last his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the other guests at Dunrobin killed eight stags, and the average weight of this lot was 18st 3lb. The largest deer ever killed at Dunrobin turned the scale at 33st, the next being over 30st., and the third heaviest, 29st. 7lb. These, however, were monsters, for in few forests is the average over 15st.

THE International Gun and Polo Club held its last polo meeting of the season on Monday, at Preston, near Brighton. Despite the threatening aspect of the weather, the *réunion* passed off with the greatest success; seldom has Mr. Bennett Stanford's beautiful park been seen to better advantage. The programme was unusually attractive, as in addition to the polo there were several competitions of a purely military character, together with tent-pegging, tilting the ring, cutting lemons, and other feats of skill.

THE first football match of the season with the students of Eton College came off on Saturday in the Eton "Timbrels" with the Swifts, under the association rules. The Swifts won the toss, and selected to play from the gas works. At 3.15 the first kick was made, and the ball was soon run down to the Etonians' goal, where it was kept in dangerous proximity for some time, until Joll, after a good piece of dribbling, made the first goal for the Swifts. Matters were soon made even, the ball being taken into the Swifts' territory, and, after a scrimmage in front of the goal, the Etonians passed the ball under their opponents' tape. Some even play took place for the next 15 minutes, when Joll again made an excellent run down the side, passing all his men, and obtained a second goal for the Swifts. Although the Etonians struggled very hard to make matters even, and once or twice got the ball very near their opponents' post, the Swifts again conducted the ball in front of the Etonians' goal, and Novelli shot the ball through. Some even play took place up to the call of time, but nothing further transpired, and the Swifts were left victorious by three goals to one. The sides were:—Eton College: J. Wilson, R. Hunt, A. Johnstone, J. Stephens, H. Goodhart, G. Ponsonby, Hon. A. Parker, B. Farrer, C. Douglas, F. Astley, and Hon. J. Bligh. Swifts: C. Denton, E. Parrey, G. Talbot, E. Lubbock, S. Savery, A. Joll, J. Evans, P. C. Novelli, J. Bright, and W. E. and C. Cambridge.



J. BOYD.



JOSEPH SADLER.

SPORT IN CANADA.

A CORRESPONDENT dating from Belleville, Can., under date Sept. 20, 1876, says: Although political matters have taken precedence of all other sublunary matters with most of us here, since the date of my last, the little time we have had to give to sporting affairs has been well spent. On Wednesday the Belleville Cricket Club played its first game of the season, meeting and vanquishing by an innings and five runs the Trenton Club, which has a good record this year. This was quite a notable victory, as our eleven was a scratch team, utterly without practice. Such a result as this ought to encourage a revival of cricket here, the more especially as Belleville but a few years ago possessed a club which was second to none in the Dominion in point of playing strength.

We still have with us in the person of James Clarke the best wicket-keeper in the country, and ample material for a first-class club is laying around loose, but the young men won't practice, preferring defeat to labour—the necessary labour of fitting themselves to play a respectably good game. On the same evening (that is, Wednesday last) a number of yachtsmen met and formed

themselves into an organization to be known as the Bay of Quinta Yacht Club. The rules of the International Yacht Club of Detroit were adopted so far as they could be made to apply, and a very efficient staff of officers were elected. Although the membership register does not yet show a large number of signatures, there is no doubt it will do so ere long, and everything looks favourable for a long, active, and useful life for the Bay of Quinta Yacht Club, which already numbers eleven yachts in its fleet.

Whilst on yachting matters, I may say that next year the fleet will probably receive several important additions. Hon. George Sherwood, our county judge, a veteran but enthusiastic yachtsman, intends to bring back to our harbour his favourite craft the Rivet, an iron cutter of 15 tons. Other gentlemen talk of building (and will probably carry their intentions into execution), two more first-class yachts during the winter, but I will wait until their operations have begun before writing more concerning them.

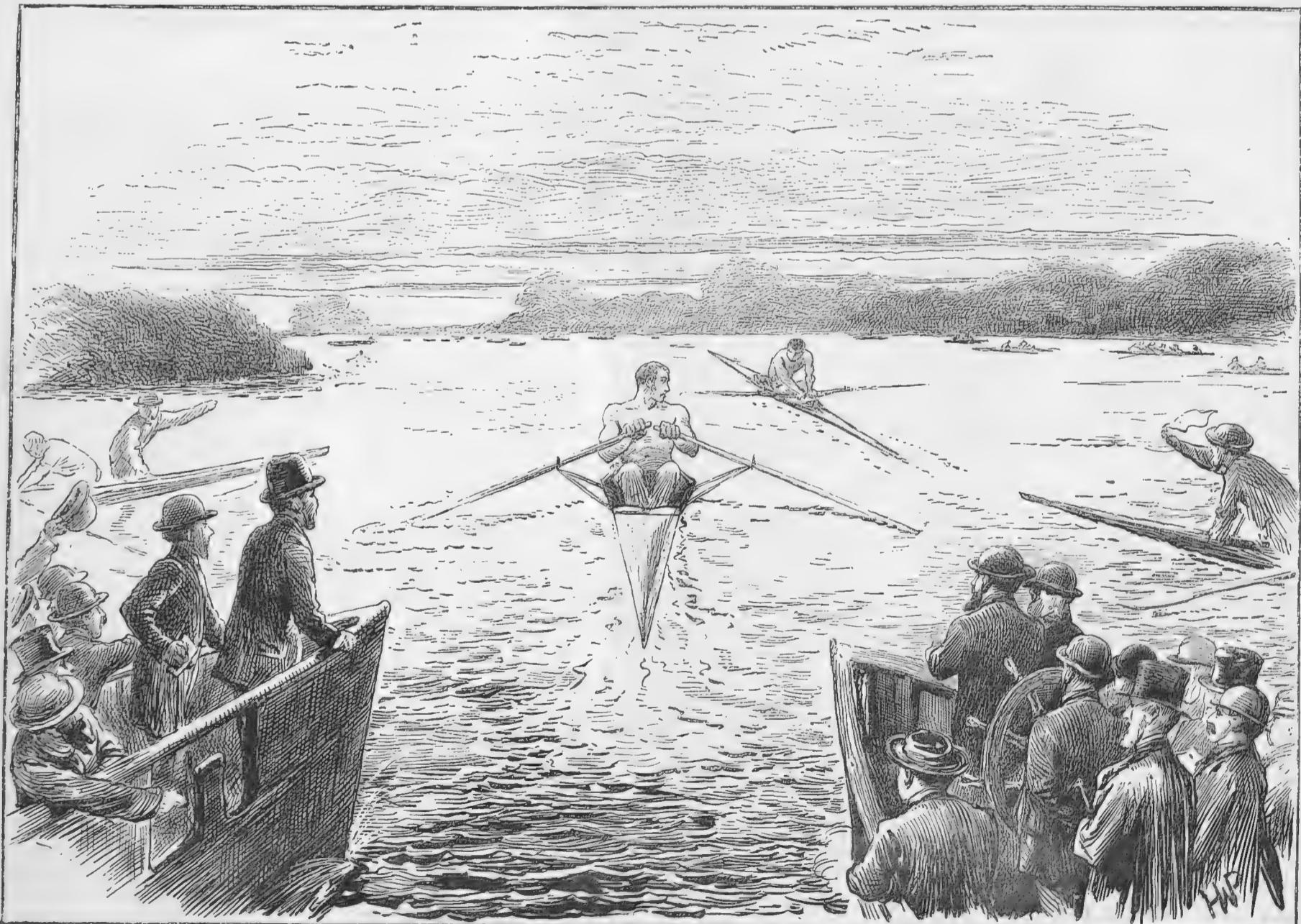
At a meeting of the Bay of Quinta Yacht Club, held last night, it was determined to hold a regatta for second and third class yachts on Monday, Oct. 2, when liberal prizes will be offered.

Alex. Cuthbert, the celebrated yacht builder, was in this vicinity a few days ago. He expresses the belief that none of the ten-ton craft in New York are so speedy as those we have here, and declares his readiness to bet 500 dols. to that effect. A race of that kind would be productive of great interest.

One of the fatal results of the bush fires was the burning of a deer and a bear, the bodies of which were found near each other in the township of Madoc. There can be no doubt that much game has been destroyed by these fires, which have ravaged the north country in all directions.

Quoiting is quite a popular game here, and though we have no Persons or Grahams, yet there are a large number of good amateur pitchers in the Belleville Quoit Club.

Canadians, at least those of this section, do not much regret or attach much importance to the defeat of the Canadian riflemen at Creedmoor. The reason of this state of feeling is that the Toronto and Hamilton marksmen did not give those resident in other sections an opportunity to compete for places on the team; hence their inglorious defeat reflects only on themselves.

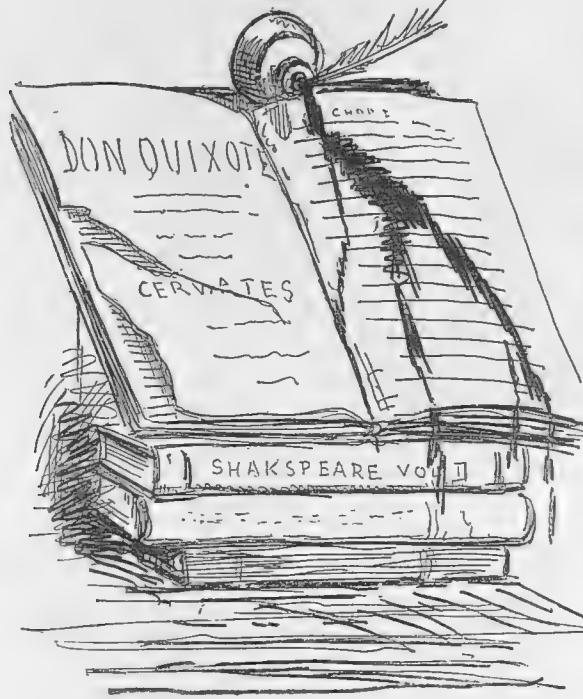


RACE BETWEEN SADLER AND BOYD.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I DARE SAY some of my more liberal play-going friends will be surprised when I tell them that on witnessing at the Alhambra, for the first time, the performance of those obscene posture-masters styled the "Fiji Flutterers," I indulged in a good steady *kiss*. Not that I altogether approve of sibillation as a general expression of popular or individual discontent, but there are times when it is impossible otherwise to relieve the pent-up disgust which fills one upon beholding some of the exhibitions that yearly, in London, are thrust upon a public which, chiefly through their influence, is becoming more and more intolerant of anything like intelligent or refined theatrical performance.

It will be thoroughly understood that I neither desire, nor affect



to desire, puritanical restraint upon the stage. On the contrary, what I would clamour to gain for it is a fuller and truer liberty. Not the liberty of dumb suggestion that unhappily flourishes, but that healthy liberty of speech which has never in any country, in the most palmy days of the drama, proved a doubtful blessing. Consider the monstrous inconsistency of our regulations for the maintenance of public decency in regard to public amusements. A dramatist, no matter what his position or culture, is rigidly suppressed in the exercise of his wit or humour by a dramatic censor, whose business apparently is not merely to tear out those accidents of dialogue which palpably depend on double-meaning for their point, but also to subtly discover hidden suggestions of indecency in lines of perfect innocence. Critics



Great impersonation by Mr. Lord Chamberlain.

deplore the decline of the comic drama, and turn with fond regretfulness to their Molière, their Shakespeare, their Congreve. But they do not reflect that the comic muse in the present day has her wings carefully clipped by an unhappy Lord Chamberlain, whose very office is a howling anomaly. I do not mean to say that it would be of unmixed advantage to our age and generation were

the comic muse allowed the full use of her wings, to soar as she did in days gone by:—and

From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Yet on the other hand will the most sanguine of optimists, who is practically acquainted with British Society as it now exists, venture to assert that the morals of our time are purer or healthier than were the morals of our ancestors in the days of Shakspeare, or even in the days of Congreve. If this cannot be asserted, then it becomes evident that the broad witticisms of the elder dramatists did in no way increase the immorality of the times for which they were written. Certainly, as far as profanity is concerned, we are ever so much worse than were our ancestors in any period. The infidel was a distinguished rôle to play in the days of Voltaire and Gibbon. But nowadays every shoe-maker spouts his atheism unheeded, and recalcitrant divines vainly endeavour, from every unhallowed platform, to attract popular sympathy by shrieking out upon the old forms of faith.

To return to my text, however. I have pointed out the trammels which are placed upon dramatic writers in this country at this day. No such trammels are placed upon acrobats and dancers, however, as witness the "Fiji Flutterers" at the Alhambra—a troupe of contortionists, whose performance has no touch either of humour or grace, but is simply and suggestively indecent, appealing plainly to the lowest order of ignorant sensuality. And the guardian angels of British morality, who use their regal authority at St. James's, cry, *Fie! fie!* upon the harmless double-entendre of the dramatist, sit serenely satisfied while



Mr. Jarvis as "Don Quixote."

"Fiji Flutterers," and all manner of obscene mummers exert themselves to stimulate the animal passions of the people.

We all remember the occasion, some years ago, upon which a dancing licence was refused to the Alhambra. The performance which was the cause of such refusal I many a time witnessed, and, in my humble opinion, it was heavenly purity compared with that of the "Fiji Flutterers." Yet the latter have been allowed to perform freely at the Alhambra for already a considerable number of weeks.

A dramatic writer (presumably a man of education) appeals, through the ear, to the intellect, therefore he must be strictly looked after, lest at any time he dash his pen against a broad joke. The grotesque posture-maker (presumably a very low order of human being) appeals, through the eye, to the baser senses, therefore he may safely be allowed to go on inventing filthy gestures. Truly, we are a virtuous and a consistent nation, and there must be a crown of glory somewhere awaiting us.

The bits of dialogue, with incidental music, which are introduced to fill up the spaces between the various ballets and grotesque dances at the Alhambra, I did not hear very much of. Why is it called *Don Quixote*? I confess I could not make that out. For I am quite convinced that the authors never meant the "*Don Quixote*" of Cervantes. I am sorry to see, from some of the newspapers, that Mr. Harry Paulton was obliged to complain of hard usage at the hands of some critics. Mr. Paulton is a very humorous comedian, and his lengthened experience of the Alhambra has doubtless taught him what are the precise demands of his audi-

ence, and I must say that, from my observation of that audience, I have always judged that in a piece they required but three things—a good ballet, an effective prima donna, and—Mr. Harry Paulton. Therefore, I think both Mr. Maltby and Mr. Paulton were quite justified in giving prominence to the part of Sancho Panza. It was a sad error to meddle with such a work as "*Don Quixote*" at such a place as the Alhambra. But, having committed the error, there was nothing for it, as Mr. Paulton very truly, but very indiscreetly, says, but "to write down to the level" of the majority of the Alhambra audience. And he has written down to their level. Mr. Jarvis, as *Don Quixote*, looks very like the pictorial representation of that worthy knight. Mr. Rosenthal, in a bad part, is, as usual, careful and painstaking, and Miss Munroe is very charming to look at and listen to. Please, I don't remember any more names.

Since the days when the elder Mathews made single-handed mimetic entertainments popular, many artists have been called to that line of business, and but few chosen. In truth it requires a volatile and vigorous constitution to make a Woodin or a Maccabe. But the man who once succeeds in mastering the art of making rapid changes from one clever character sketch to another, has an entire evening's entertainment *per se* at his fingers' ends. The music hall people find this species of performance highly lucrative, though, as a rule, they have neither brains nor education sufficient to render them artistic. They are usually broken down tragedians or comedians, whose ambition is larger than their abilities, and they perform before audiences, the good taste and critical acumen of which are obscured by a constant and congenial mist of tobacco-smoke and gin and water, so that they are not likely to refine their mummeries into anything like symmetry or intelligence. To make a good drawing-room enter-



*And Sancho Panza
Mr. Harry Paulton*

tainer, however, your actor must be an educated person. He should, as it were, be a practical caricaturist, illustrating character in person, as the sketcher does upon paper.

On Monday last I went to see the performance of an entertainer of this class, Mr. Fleming Norton. His entertainment, *Perkins's Pic-Nic*, which was very successful, at the Egyptian Hall, some time ago, is as clever as anything of the sort to be seen. His facial powers are varied, his changes rapid, and his songs clever. We ought to see a little more of him in the metropolis.

Owing to bad weather, there was a poor attendance at the Oval to witness the annual sports of the South London Harriers, the well-known cross-country club. A capital programme had been provided, and the members deserve every credit for the admirable way in which everything was carried out. Proceedings commenced at three o'clock with the heats of the Members' 100 Yards Handicap, and after some close racing A. Powles, the scratch man, was returned the winner in 10 4-5sec. In the Open Handicap the same runner won his trial heat, but could only secure second prize, the first falling to H. Hodges, of the Hertford Football Club, who had four yards start, and won by three yards, in 10 3-5sec. In the Mile Bicycle Handicap another scratch man, W. P. Mavius, was successful, winning by fifteen yards from G. Girling, who also started from the scratch, in 4min. 31sec. The Open Mile Handicap was a rather easy win for H. D. Thomas, Peckham Athletic Club, 65 yards start, who covered the distance (less his start) in 4min. 32sec. A. Little, 15 yards, won the Half-mile Handicap, defeating J. Gibb, scratch, and several others, in 2min. 6 1-5sec. A Challenge Cup, presented by Alderman Stone, to be contested for by members of the 1st Surrey Rifles in a two-mile race, was retained by the holder; and the club Two Miles Handicap resulted in a well-earned victory for J. Gibb, who ran the full distance in 10min. 19sec. In addition to the above, the programme contained the usual boys' races and consolation scrambles.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9.

The ROYAL STAKES of 200 sovs each, 120 ft, for three-year-olds; the second saved stake. A.F. (1 mile 2 furlongs 73 yards). 7 subs.
 Count de Lagrange's ch f Allumette, by Caterer—Feu de Joie, 8st 7lb
 Morris 1
 Count de Lagrange's Camembert, 8st 12lb Glover 2
 Captain Machell's Farnese, 8st 12lb F. Archer 3
 Cannon: 11 to 8 on Camembert. Won in a canter by six lengths; a head between second and third.
 The OCTOBER POST PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; the second saved stake; Rous Course (5 furlongs). 10 subs.
 Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b f Morgiana, by Scottish Chief—Lady Morgan, 8st 7lb F. Archer 1
 Duke of Hamilton's Merry Agnes, 8st 4lb Rossiter 2
 Count de Lagrange's Jeannette, 8st 4lb Glover 3
 Mr. Bowes's Prince of Orange, 8st 10lb Griffiths 4
 Betting: 7 to 4 agst Morgiana, 5 to 2 agst Prince of Orange, and 5 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by five lengths.

The CESAREWITCH TRIAL HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards).

Count F. de Lagrange's La Courseuse, by Stockwell—Weatherbound, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb Glover 1
 Mr. H. Savile's Lillian, aged, 8st 12lb J. Goater 2
 Lord Falmouth's Admiral Byng, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (car. 7st 6lb) F. Archer 3
 Also ran: Régalade, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb; Prophecy, 6 yrs, 7st 7lb; c by Zephyr, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.

Betting: 11 to 8 agst Admiral Byng, 4 to 1 agst La Courseuse, 5 to 1 agst Lillian, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a bad third.

The SCURRY NURSERY of 200 sovs each, half ft, with 100 added. Last half of R.M. 13 subs.

Lord Falmouth's b f Kitty Sprightly, by Rosicrucian or Y. Dutchman—Niké, 8st 12lb F. Archer 1
 Mr. Gretton's Kingsclore, 8st 3lb Chaloner 2
 Mr. Pryor's b f by Cardinal York—Troublesome, 7st 11lb Newhouse 3

Also ran: Playfair, 8st 8lb; Spinster, 8st 7lb; Nitocris, 8st; Red Gauntlet, 7st 11lb; b c Contador, 7st 11lb; Steerforth, 7st 9lb; Sister to Cremona, 7st 8lb; ch f by The Miner—Lady of Coverdale, 7st 4lb; La Farandole, 7st 4lb.

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Contador, 4 to 1 agst Red Gauntlet, 6 to 1 each agst the Troublesome filly and Nitocris, 100 to 15 agst La Farandole, 10 to 1 agst Playfair, and 100 to 8 agst Kitty Sprightly. Won in a canter by two lengths; half a length between second and third.

The POST SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-old fillies. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 5 subs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b f Sunray, by King of the Forest—Sunshine, 8st 7lb F. Archer 1
 Duke of Hamilton's Merry Agnes, 8st 10lb Custance 2

Betting: 7 to 1 on Sunray, who won in a canter by two lengths.

The FIRST WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. T.Y.C. 11 subs.

Lord Dupplin's b f Somnolency by Marsyas—Slumber, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb Luke 1
 Lord Exeter's ch c Joseph, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb Rossiter 2
 Count F. de Lagrange's La Sautoise, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb Glover 3

Also ran: Templar, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb; Fareham, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb; All Heart, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb; Euxine, 3 yrs, 8st; Land's End, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb; b c by Blair Athol—Ellermire, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Somnolency, 100 to 15 each agst Euxine and Land's End, 7 to 1 each La Sautoise and All Heart, 8 to 1 agst Joseph, 100 to 12 agst Templar, and 10 to 1 agst Fareham. Won by a head; a length between second and third.

The BURWELL STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, with 100 added; for two and three-year-olds. Rous Course (5 furlongs). 5 subs.

Mr. Joseph Dawson's Bruce, by King of Scots—Recluse, 2 yrs, 7st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) C. Wood 1
 Duke of St. Albans's b f Crann Tair, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb Luke 2
 Duke of Hamilton's Lollypop, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc 5lb ex) Custance 3

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Crann Tair and Lollypop, and 2 to 1 agst Bruce. Won very cleverly by three-quarters of a length, but hung so much towards the mare that Custance was compelled to leave off riding on Lollypop close at home for want of room between Crann Tair and the rails.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. Criterion Course (6 furlongs). 5 subs.

Captain Machell's b g Oxonian, aged, 9st 4lb F. Archer 1
 Mr. J. Gretton's Collegian, 2 yrs, 7st Luke 2
 Mr. Patmore's Lord Dover, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb Cannon 3

Also ran: Pibroch, 2 yrs, 7st; bl f Segura, 2 yrs, 7st.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Oxonian, 3 to 1 agst Collegian, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won in a canter by four lengths; wider intervals separating the others. Oxonian was not sold.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. Lancaster Mile (1 mile 18 yards). 5 subs.

Baron A. de Rothschild's Queen of Cyprus, by King Tom—Cypriana, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb C. Wood 1
 Mr. P. Price's Lady Pearl, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb Morbey 2

Betting: 11 to 8 on Queen of Cyprus, who won in a canter by ten lengths. The winner was sold to Mr. T. Jennings for 200gs.

TUESDAY.

A SELLING HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Rous Course. (5 furlongs).

General Pearson's b c Counterguard by Restitution—Gardevisure, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb Morbey 1

Mr. Burton's Fairlop, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb Pascoe 2
 Mr. H. Jennings's Queen of Cyprus, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb Carratt 3

Also ran: Mystery, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb; Blandford, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Eucalyptus, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb.

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Blandford, 4 to 1 each agst Queen of Cyprus, Mystery, and Fairlop, and 6 to 1 each agst Eucalyptus and Counterguard. Won by a length and a half, a length between second and third. The winner was sold for 220gs. to Mr. Burton, and Eucalyptus to Mr. J. Price for 35gs.

The HEATH STAKES of 15 sovs each, with 100 added; D. M. (7 furlongs 240 yards). 6 subs.

Lord Dupplin's b f Somnolency by Marsyas—Slumber 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (car. 6st 6lb) (inc 7lb ex) Luke 1

Count F. de Lagrange's Allumette, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb Glover 2
 Lord Zetland's Hardrada, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb Bruckshaw 3

Also ran: Strathavon, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb; Stopgap, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb; c by Lacydes-Zephyr, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb.

Betting: Even on Allumette, 4 to 1 agst Somnolency, 6 to 1 agst Strathavon, and 8 to 1 each agst Stopgap and Hardrada. Won cleverly by half a length, two lengths between second and third.

A PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; for two-year-olds. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 8 subs.

Duke of Ujess's b c Pirat by Buccaneer—Fern, 8st 10lb Parry 1
 Lord Lascelles's Baldaccino, 8st 3lb (£200) F. Archer 2
 Mr. H. Jennings's Fumoux (late Gambais), 8st 10lb Carratt 3

Also ran: Rivalité, 8st 7lb; f by Parmesan—Regina, 8st (£200); Miss Manner, 8st (£200); b c Macaroon, 8st 10lb; Palestine, 8st 3lb (£200).

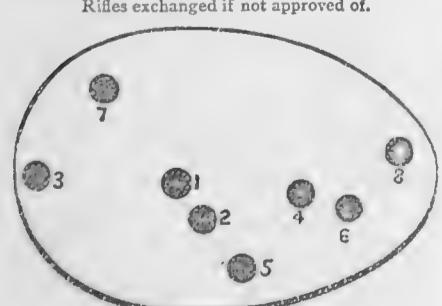
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Macaroon, 4 to 1 agst Pirat, 5 to 1 agst Fumoux, and 10 to 1 agst Palestine.

HOLLAND'S ROOK RIFLES. FREEDOM FROM ESCAPE AND FOULING.

100 shots may be fired without cleaning barrel
 Price £5 each; Ditto, Steel Barrels and Engraved, £6 to £10.

Mr. A. P., 21st Fusiliers, writes:—"I fired eight successive shots at 100 yards, mean deviation of 7 of an inch; all would have struck a hen's egg."

Rifles exchanged if not approved of.



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 Scale 1 in. to the inch.

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PATENT
TREBLE WEDGE-FAST
BREECHLOADER.

The winning Gun at the late "Field" Gun trial in all the classes for improved Boring.

These Far-killing Guns can be made to order with a modified choke to put a pattern of 130 to 170 with increased penetration (far superior to the old system). Full Choke Bore will average 240 in a jom, circle at 40 yards with 1 1/2 oz. No. 6 shot. These guns are being used by many of the best pigeon-shots in America, the principal prize having been won at the Memphis Tournament, U.S.A., with the Greener Guns.

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NEW PATENT HAMMERLESS
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NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

The OATLANDS PLATE of 100 sovs, added to 10 sovs each. R.M. 2 subs.

Mr. R. Howett's Bardolph, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb (£500) Watson

Captain Machell's ch c Bayard, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb (£200) J. Jarvis

Betting: 2 to 1 on Bardolph, who won by three lengths.

The SELECT STAKES of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 50 added; for three year-olds. R.M. 22 subs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b c Springfield, by St. Albans—Viridis, 8st 10lb

140 yards). 3 subs.

Captain Machell's Farnese, by Parmesan—Lady Coventry, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (£500) F. Archer 1

Mr. R. Howett's Rosinante, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (£500) Cannon 1

Mr. M. H. Sanford's Donna, 2 yrs, 7st 2lb (car 7st 3lb) (£500) Huxtable 3

Also ran: James I., 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Midlothian, 2 yrs, 7st 2lb (£500); Montauban, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100).

Betting: Even on Farnese, 4 to 1 agst Midlothian, and 5 to 1 agst Rosinante. Won very cleverly by a length; a bad third.

The DITCH MILE NURSERY of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added; for two-year-olds. D.M. (7 furlongs 210 yards). 23 subs.

Sir J. Astley's ch c Kino, by Broomielaw—Liny, 6st 7lb Hopkins 1

Mr. J. Jenkins's Wiscaree, 6st 10lb Morgan 2

Duke of Montrouze's ch b James Pigg, 7st 2lb C. Archer 1

Also ran: Mavis, 8st 12lb; Stratford, 8st 4lb; Polly Craven, 8st 2lb; Merry Thought, 7st 12lb; Cartridge, 7st 7lb; Gossip, 7st 5lb; Placid, 7st 5lb; Mrs. Pond, 7st 4lb; Annette, 7st 2lb; Bonfire, 7st; British Beauty, 7st; e by Frizonier—Bonnie Katie, 7st; Elsa, 6st 12; Woodbridge, 6st 12lb; Restorative, 6st 10lb; Collegian, 6st 10lb; Mandeville, 6st 9lb; e by D'Estourne, dam by The Duke—May Morning, 6st 7lb.

Betting: 5 to 1 agst Restorative, 8 to 1 each agst Mavis, Kino, and the D'Estourne colt, 100 to 8 each agst Placid, Woodbridge, Annette, and the Bonnie Katie colt, 100 to 7 each agst Collegian and Cartridge, and 100 to 6 each agst Gossip and Wiscaree. Won in a canter by six lengths; the D'Estourne colt was a bad fourth.

The WINDSOR STAKES of 20 sovs each, 10 ft; for two-year-olds. T.Y.C. 6 subs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's Courtesy, by Brown Bread—Defamation, 8st 9lb

F. Webb 1

Mr. Wilson's Queen of Spades, 8st 9lb J. Manser 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Courtesy, who won by a length.

THURSDAY.

RENEWAL OF THE BRETBY STAKES.

Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Dynamits

Mr. Chaplin's Helphobe

Count F. de Lagrange's Rivalité

Maneuvre also ran.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

Chamant

Pellegrino

Plunger

18 ran

RENEWAL OF THE BRETBY STAKES.

Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Dynamits

Mr. Chaplin's Helphobe

Count F. de Lagrange's Rivalité

Maneuvre also ran.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

Chamant

Pellegrino

Plunger

18 ran

RENEWAL OF THE BRETBY STAKES.

Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Dynamits

Mr. Chaplin's Helphobe

Count F. de Lagrange's Rivalité

Maneuvre also ran.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.



As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the ground-work of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints,

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply; for by its use the most dangerous forms of Fever, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, very frequently causing Apoplexy, Heart Disease, and sudden death, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form.

The FRUIT SALT acts as simply yet just as powerfully on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world; it has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

Notwithstanding its medicinal value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as Lemonade, Soda Water, Potass Water, &c.; only it is much cheaper and BETTER IN EVERY SENSE OF THE TERM, TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT.

Also as a Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, use

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

(PREPARED FROM SOUND RIPE FRUIT).

It is the best Preventive and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c.; and to Remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.

A Gentleman states:—"In cases of bilious headaches, followed by severe attacks of fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT has acted like a charm when all other treatments have failed. The day is not far distant when the neglect of its use in all fevers and diseases resulting from poisoned blood will be considered as criminal." See "Stomach and its Trials," 10th Edition, post free for 14 stamps.

Messrs. GIBSON & SON, Chemists, of Hexham, writing for a further supply of the Fruit Salt, say:—"Since we introduced your FRUIT SALT in Hexham a few months ago, we have sold above a Thousand Bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches and stomach complaints. It has had a greater sale than any other proprietary medicine that we know of."

"Your FRUIT SALT is beyond all praise. I wish you would sell it here. It would make its own way by its own merit."—T. A. SOMERBY, Councillor-at-Law, 20, Old State House, Boston, U.S.A., November 6th, 1875:

"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and trying almost everything, and spending a vast amount of money to no purpose, as I found nothing doing me any good, I was recommended by a friend to try your FRUIT SALT. I did so, and before I finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now am restored to my usual health. Others that have tried it through my recommendation inform me that they have not enjoyed such good health for years as they have done since using it. Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

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LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.

(Extract from the Directors' Report, presented to the Shareholders at the Third Ordinary General Meeting, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 16th September, 1876.)

THE Directors have again much satisfaction in presenting their Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending 30th June last, and being their third half-yearly Report.

Notwithstanding the general depression of business, the Directors, during the past six months, have made, in addition to temporary loans, 401 advances of a more permanent character (making a total of 770 advances for the year), on Mortgage Deeds, amounting to £35,293 ss. 10d., upon which the interest and bonus amount to £5,260 ss. 6d.

From the above, the Shareholders will have no difficulty in judging that the business has so far developed in proportion as the Company has become known to the public, and that, from its intrinsic merits and utility, a further and rapid expansion may reasonably be expected.

The books, vouchers, and accounts of the Bank up to the 30th day of June, 1876, have been carefully examined by the Auditor, and, after an exhaustive investigation, have been certified as correct.

The Directors regret that they were unable to call the Shareholders together at an earlier date, but have taken steps to prevent a recurrence of any such delay in future; they, also, being fully alive to the importance of the accuracy of the figures furnished, have devoted much anxious time to their elucidation and confirmation, and, in their discretion, they have had the services of an independent Auditor, and can now place the accounts before you with the greatest confidence.

The Shareholders consist of all classes of Society, including Clergy, Officers of the Army and Navy, Ladies, Professional Men, Merchants, Manufacturers, and Commercial Travellers, who have spontaneously joined the Company, and in many instances given, unasked, their valuable testimony to its utility, their approval of the principles upon which it is founded, and their confidence in the Board of Management.

The Directors in dealing with the profits have resolved to set aside yearly a sum to provide a Reserve Fund, so that the Shareholders may be assured of a Permanent Dividend of at least 12½ per cent., also to write off a portion of the purchase account each half-year. They have no doubt that this resolution will meet with the approval of all who feel an interest in the prosperity of the Bank. Such a course will ensure a double benefit—1st. Shares entitling to a good Dividend thus permanently secured, will be much more valuable than shares receiving larger Dividends for a limited period, but without the same solid basis to rest upon in times of stagnation. 2nd. Depositors will much more freely entrust their funds to a Company having a good Reserve Fund, than to one which divides all and provides nothing for the future.

LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.

AT THE THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 16th September, 1876, Colonel MAHON in the Chair, the Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts were unanimously approved, and a Dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. was declared.

The cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously passed to Mr. James Pryor, the Manager of the Company, and to the Chairman and Directors.

By Order of the Board,

R. A. TYLER, Secretary.

43 and 44, Lombard-street,

18th September, 1876.

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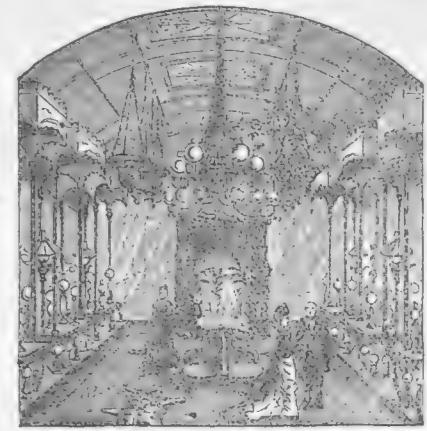
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Under the Grand National Hunt Rules.

The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, on or before Tuesday, October 24:

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SECOND DAY.

The GREAT METROPOLITAN STEEPLECHASE of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 500 added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; any winner of a handicap steeple chase value 100 sovs after the publication of the weights () to carry 10lb, of any other steeple chase, or of a hurdle race, value 100 sovs, 5lb, or of two other steeple chases 7lb extra; entrance 3 sovs each (to go to the fund), which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon the Thursday before running; about four miles.

In all races at this meeting three horses, the property of different owners, to run, or only such portion of the added money will be given as the Stewards may deem fit.

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THE RACE BETWEEN BOYD & SADLER.

WARM wet weather may have had something to do with the meagre attendance of spectators present on the river banks to witness the race between Joseph Sadler and J. Boyd for four hundred pounds. On the river the pleasure boats were plentiful, and four steamers accompanied the competitors, one, the press boat, being that from which our artist obtained the sketch which will be found on another page.

At 4 p.m., according to the articles drawn up, and both men

were to be in their boats, but it was 4.20 p.m. before the men got to their stations. Sadler rowed in one of Clasper's boats and Boyd in one made by Swaddle and Winship. G. Drewitt piloted Boyd, with old J. Phelps at the helm of his cutter. F. Symes, Sadler's trainer, piloted him, and Mr. J. Ireland was the appointed umpire. The tide was a high one, and was at its best by about 3.55, and there was no wind. Sadler having won the toss took the Fulham station, and the men got away fairly at the first essay. They started with their sterns held from two skiffs moored half way between the Bells and the steamboat pier. Sadler

began at 40 a minute, Boyd at 41 to 42. As they shot away from the steamers, which of course could not get under way so fast as the men did, it was seen that they were rowing fairly level up to the London Boatouse—Boyd with perhaps a few feet the best of it. Boyd at this point, though sculling better than we ever before saw him scull in a race, was not working in such good style as he afterwards did. Inch by inch Sadler fell into the rear, and Boyd was three-parts of a length in front when they breasted the first high bridge on the tow-path, and still drawing away. When he got clear, just below Craven Point, he seemed to quietly settle him-



A FALSE SCENT.

self to the work, and pay more attention to his style; his stroke became slower, and he gave himself more time to row it out, keeping his slide back more and more. At the Point, he was going much faster than he had been just off the Boatouses. Boyd now showed two lengths daylight at the Grass Wharf. Both men made the "shoot" too soon, and got too far over to the Surrey shore before they breasted the Crab Tree. Boyd had plainly the game in his own hands. Sadler stuck well to his work, and was going a fair pace, much better than when he

rowed against Trickett, but he was quite outpaced. Boyd sculled quite at his ease, about 34 strokes a minute and was 150 yards ahead at Chiswick Church, and passed Barnes Bridge in 19min 49sec from the start. After this he simply paddled in, and passed the post an easy winner by ten lengths in 23min 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Had he rowed hard for the last two miles he would, we think, have gained at least ten or fifteen seconds. The tide was, though good, not one of the very best, for it was two days past the spring, and was partially spent before the men started. On the whole we

must call it a very fast rowed race—the fastest, under the circumstances, that has ever been sculled on the Thames.

CLOSE upon 3,000 persons assembled at Lillie-bridge grounds, West Brompton, on Monday, to witness the fifty miles bicycle race between Mr. David Stanton and Mr. Henry Keen, for £200, which the latter won, Stanton giving up at the finish of the forty-eighth mile.

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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

ALTHOUGH the new revised code of racing law is now awaiting its trial and verdict at the hands of a full court in the Houghton week, we shall not be held guilty of a contempt of court if we attempt to anticipate the finding of the jury upon one or two of the issues raised by the select committee, the members of which have given so much time and trouble towards the compilation of the digest before us. Among the numerous reforms suggested by that body, there has not been one more urgently needed than that which relates to the rather delicate question of "assumed names" in connection with racing; and we have no hesitation in recording our conviction that much good is likely to ensue from a bold and incisive manner in dealing with the subject, and that it admits of no delay in treatment if we would aim at purifying the turf system to the greatest possible extent. It may be too much to hope or to expect that the practice of racing under assumed names should be attempted to be abolished, but no reasonable person who has watched the course of events during the last twenty years can refuse to admit that great grievances have resulted from the abuse of a too prevalent means of concealment of identity; and that the time has arrived when, failing the possibility of repressive measures, the evil, should be lessened by control, to as great an extent as circumstances will permit. Like many another "canker," the evil, from small and comparatively harmless beginnings, which might be considered as merely affecting the exterior, has worked its way below the surface towards the vital parts now threatened by its increasing activity; and unless some wholesome check be devised for arresting its progress, there is no saying what may be the outcome of its attack. Both in principle and in practice the "sailing under false colours," which the assumption of a fictitious name really involves, is repugnant to our feelings as Englishmen, and more especially to that large section among us which deems connection with sport to be no disgrace, but rather an honour to those who engage in any of its multifarious branches, be it racing or hunting, shooting or yachting, cricket or other handmaids of the Genius of Pastime and Recreation.

A quarter of a century ago there did not exist half that morbid desire for mystery and secrecy, which seems now to be the ruling passion among so many who betake themselves to Turf pursuits, as the amusement of a lifetime. Doubtless, before the era of that Agamemnon of the Turf, Lord George Bentinck, there had been many anxious to conceal their identity with the silks and satins of their day, but since the time of "Mr. Bowe," the example of that worthy has been followed by men of a totally opposite stamp and grade, and with entirely different inducements for figuring as "great unknowns" in the racing fraternity. However satisfactory may be the state of the cream of sporting society, the upper crust which takes the lead in the conduct of affairs, and to whom we are justly proud to point as the salt of the earth, there can be no doubt that of late years a vast upheaval has taken place from beneath, and that the lower strata have marvellously changed and altered since the time when racing was not inappropriately dubbed the "sport of kings." Motives for concealment of connection with its mysteries were vastly different to those which now dictate the assumption of the mask, and, whereas in former days the few who took refuge in an alias were "somebodies," who adopted a very flimsy disguise through motives of policy, now it is the "nobodies" who register assumed names and colours for the purpose of carrying out measures too often concocted with a view to the spoliation of their fellow-workers in the field of sport. Until quite lately, indeed, it was competent for any so inclined to ring the changes on all varieties of assumed names, which practice obviously had for its object the mystification of the public, the confusion of handicappers, and the bewilderment of clerks of courses. With every change of name came, of course, a change of colours, and it was "Argus," we think, who remarked, that "every spring we encountered more than one unknown species of butterfly, which had burst from the chrysalis in all its splendour of gaudily painted wings." It need scarcely be added that these insects were purely of the ephemeral order, and fluttered their short day upon the turf, never to be seen again. The new proposed reform will, if adopted, go far to decimate the ranks of those pseudo-sportsmen, most of whom have too good reason to believe that the turf would be ashamed of their connection with it, were their real names to transpire. For the luxury of a fictitious appellation, they will be called upon to pay something more than a mere nominal fee, and many, like Mr. Gladstone, will think once, will think twice, and will think thrice, before transmitting their cheques to Messrs. Weatherby in return for the desired "indulgence." Thus

the evil will be modified, if not eradicated, and the more open are the dealings of men one with another, the better will it be for the good name and clean reputation of the noblest of sports. In all other walks of life, it is deemed indispensable to the welfare and security of society, that man, in his dealings with his fellow-man, should require something more substantial than the shadow of a name on which to depend, and the spectacle is an unwonted one, of half the racing world engaging in business (for we know not what else to call it) with the other half, of which nothing more is known than the alias which they have chosen to adopt. It may be urged, and not without reason, that the veil is but a thin and unsubstantial one, and that it soon gets to be known to whom such and such a horse belongs, and who races under such and such a name; but surely this is only another argument against the practice, and cannot justify the end towards which these flimsy disguises are too often designed. Be it for purposes of necessity, or of caprice, the adoption of an assumed name should be a privilege to be purchased dearly, and it is doubtless with this object, and to put an end to the growing inclination of undesirable characters to mix themselves up with the sport, that this wholesome recommendation has been framed. Perhaps the proposed "fine," payable on admission to the ranks of the *incogniti*, may be deemed too modest; but the thin edge of the wedge will have been inserted, and room made for more vigorous blows to be directed at the system hereafter.

Another sensible recommendation, in the shape of a leaf taken from the books of our French neighbours, is that which affects certain shortcomings in our present system of turf nomenclature. At the present time any number of horses similarly named, even though of similar ages, may contend in the same races, and there is nothing to prevent owners of horses from adopting that plan of dismal repetition which argues either indolence or stupidity on the part of sponsors. Henceforward, should the proposals of the sub-committee ripen into law, no such absurd object will be suffered to damage our reputation for racing administrative ability, and the suffix of II. and III. will have to follow the titles of identically named animals. This expedient answers well enough across the Channel, and will undoubtedly have the effect, on this side of the water, of a recourse to the multitude of names which, for some unaccountable reason, have never found their way into the pages of the "Calendar." It will have the effect, too, of checking a very undesirable practice on the part of certain owners, of bringing into contempt and derision the sacred and venerated names of racing cracks of the olden time, by conferring them upon some obscurely bred animals least of all likely to do credit to the distinction. We have had enough second-hand Eclipses, Alice Hawthorns, Pantaloons, and other namesakes of by-gone celebrities, though most of them have turned out such dismal failures as in no wise to create the confusion in pedigree which might have been expected to result from so absurd a practice. There is plenty of ground still untried by ingenuity and imagination, and we may at least congratulate ourselves on having improved upon the vagaries and caprices of our ancestors in naming their horses. But senseless repetition may hereafter be totally avoided, and further it is to be hoped that both time and trouble will be economised by regulations prohibiting the appearance of the "great unnamed" in the "Calendar." A horse should possess not only an appellation, but a distinctive one, and there is no unreasonableness nor hardship in compelling owners to fulfil a necessary obligation.

A BACHELOR'S DINNER.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. PARTRIDGE.

ALL ready? Then hand me the birds from the fender,

They're hung to a day; neither old 'un nor cheeper,

But savoury, succulent, juicy and tender;

What say you, my messmate, a bottle of Piper?

A bravely dressed brace, as I am a sinner,

Not a bit overcooked, yet done to a nicely;

Whitebait, cutlet; now partridge; you see all your dinner;

Come, quick, do the parson, and say "Benedicite."

Crumbs, watercress, breadsauce, bird—Lord, what a plateful;

It's hard but we'll tackle the brace well between us;

Gad—the flavour's delicious—let's show we are grateful;

Hi—waiter—that Piper: bring a Magnum, by Venus!

R. B. WORMALD.

AT the usual monthly meeting of the Central Committee of London Anglers, under the presidency of Mr. S. Morgan, the following clubs were represented, viz., Izaak Walton, Hoxton Brothers, Good Intent, North-Western, Savoy Brothers, Golden Barbels, Nautilus, United Essex, Odds and Evens, Royal George, Walworth Waltonians, Amicable Brothers, St. Pancras, Bloomsbury, Reform, Metropolitan, Knights of Knightsbridge, Waltonians, Penge Angling Society, Alliance, Brothers Well Met, Amicable Waltonians, Hearts of Oak, Eustonians, and the Norton Folgate Anglers. After the minutes of the last meeting had been confirmed, a question of importance arose in regard to the transfer of tickets of members from one society to another, in the event of their not being clear on their original society's books. As the matter also involved the question of a secretary's right to retain privilege tickets, more prominence was given to it, and a middle course was suggested and adopted. Mr. Foster then moved that the General Manager of the Great Western Railway be written to, praying for a deputation in regard to cheap winter angling fares, and upon being seconded by Mr. Hewson, was unanimously carried. After some other business the meeting adjourned.

ON Friday week a most lamentable accident happened in the deer-park at Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire, the seat of the Earl of Craven. A number of gentlemen and servants were engaged in catching deer of both sexes for transportation into Scotland. The *modus operandi* was to drive the animals into a net which had been placed around the woods, and a boy 13 years of age, named William Mongor, Brinklow, near Rugby, was attempting to stop a fine buck, when it jumped at him and pierced one of its antlers through his temples into the brain. Mr. Houghton and his son, of Foleshill, both members of the medical profession, were participating in the day's sport, and they at once rendered every assistance possible, but there was no hope, as the brains protruded. The boy was removed to a cottage close by, in a dying state. Several other accidents of a rough character happened during the day.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.

OUI DIRE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Sporting Gazette* is as dissatisfied with the *Times* sporting, as most playgoers are with the *Times* dramatic, critic, and writing under the signature of "Canny Cumberland," says:—"Some of your correspondents have been 'taking off' the *Daily Telegraph* on the ignorance of coursing exhibited by its sporting contributor. But what about the *Times*, who, when describing the 'mechanical hare,' gushingly alludes to 'a pack of greyhounds in pursuit of their prey,' and further graphically represents the hare as 'bounding out quite naturally, like the real animal from its bag!' That's emulating the Cockney sportsman with a vengeance."

ANOTHER outside critic, speaking of the *World* as a sporting Mentor, says, "I do not know who the omniscient gentleman is who writes those funny little paragraphs on sport in the *World*, but as he sets up to be an authority on sporting nomenclature, perhaps you will allow me to point out that his knowledge of such matters is a trifle confused. For example, take the following from last week's *World*:—"Charming naïveté is displayed by some of those persons who, incited by Whyte-Melville's 'Katerfelto,' go down to see the hunting of the red deer on Exmoor. One gentleman, being fortunate enough to see the finish, requested to be presented with the 'brush,' and on his petition being received with silent scorn, corrected himself by asking for 'the foot.' The last state of that man was worse than the first in the eyes of those sportsmen who only knew of a deer's 'SLOT.'" I have hunted the red deer on Exmoor, and am, I flatter myself, pretty well up in the terms of venerie, but I never in my life heard the term "slot" used as meaning the foot of a deer. "Slot" is the proper technical term for the tread or footprint of a deer, and the man who applied it to the foot of a deer would show himself as thorough a Cockney as "Atlas" has done in the paragraph I have quoted.

IN the *Europe Diplomatique* appears a singular article on dress. After "embroidering a column" headed "Paris Élégant," about "la chasse," the writer, who is "puffing a modiste," concludes that it "is not in France that St. Hubert is most worthily worshipped, but that at this time of year the place, of all others, to go to, is Scotland." His notions of "the splendid forests of that country," where the chase is followed on horseback not only by "gentlemen," but by "ladys," who abandon their riding habits for a costume in which felt boots, Pifferaro hats with plumes, polonaises, and tunics with girdles of Russia leather, and hunting knives, whistles, mirrors and pin cases attached, are set forth in a fashion that proves the marvellous fertility of the author's brain who could thus create "Lady D—" "chasseresse."

THE *Daily News* says few great men have been more interviewed during the last half-dozen years than Mr. Dion Boucicault. He visits frequently the land of interviewers, and is generally waited upon soon after his arrival. Perhaps he does not discourage such calls. Mr. Boucicault's toleration of the interviewer is so large and liberal, that attempts are sometimes made to abuse it. Scarcely a year has passed since our great Anglo-Franco-Irish dramatist was suddenly invited by a looker-in, furnished with a note-book, to explain the late William Shakespeare's method of manufacturing plays. Never at a loss Mr. Boucicault answered, and said that Shakespeare's method of working was very like his own. The immortal bard was, like himself, a manager, and, like himself, was condemned to receive unsuitable dramas, and impracticable suggestions for dramas. In the numerous manuscripts, however, that were sent in to him—he that is to say, Shakespeare—occasionally found an idea or even a subject; and in developing the mere notion or the complete theme thus furnished to him, he did no more than Mr. Boucicault himself had done, and in no way forfeited his title to the character of original dramatist. Shakespeare, too, laid under contribution the Italian *novelli*, as Mr. Boucicault has borrowed plots from Gerald Griffin's tales. Other points of resemblance between our two great dramatists, in distant ages born, might, but need not be, pointed out. It will be enough to note the fact that Mr. Boucicault did his best for the "Swan of Avon," and while putting in several words on Shakespeare's behalf added several more on his own.

AT a succeeding interview, the same authority informs us that Mr. Boucicault admitted the decline of the English drama, and attributed it to the constant and systematic presentation of French pieces on the English stage from "1844 to 1850." Whether Mr. Boucicault is really under the impression that French pieces were not produced very frequently in England before 1844 or after 1850 does not appear. But it is probably true that the practice of furnishing English theatres almost exclusively with French pieces dates from the improved communications between London and Paris consequent on the completion of the Northern Railway of France; and it is open to any one who may feel so disposed to believe that the International Copyright Treaty of 1851 had a serious effect in putting a stop to the unauthorised adaptation of French plays for the English stage. Mr. Boucicault, however, must know better than any one that, so far as regards dramatic works, the International Copyright Treaty gave no results. The French author was theoretically enabled to protect himself, but by means of operations so intricate and so costly that he preferred, in common prudence, not to adopt them. The clause which in the original treaty nullified its effect by sanctioning the production, without reference to the author's wishes, of all translations of French dramas which could be looked upon as "fair imitations," has lately been repealed. But though at this moment England is by no means without original dramatists, a glance at our playbills from week to week and from month to month will be enough to satisfy any unprejudiced and sufficiently informed observer that even now we draw a considerable proportion of our stage pieces from France. The French journalist, who, commenting upon Mr. Boucicault's communications to his interviewer, asserts that "every night some ten French pieces are played at the London theatres," is guilty of an arithmetical error. For "ten," "three or four" should be substituted.

THE *Whitehall Review*, in an article dealing with "October Shooting," says it is *sui generis*, whether in the open or in cover. In the open it is too late to expect birds to lie well to dogs, even with those sportsmen who prefer the time-honoured system of shooting over a brace of well-broken setters or pointers. Many of the stubbles are being already broken up for winter wheat, and on the best of them birds lie but wildly. It suffices to show oneself on them, and the birds rise and are at once off to cover in roots, late clover, or spinney. A brace only of guns cannot then do much; there should be four or five in line to walk up the birds in the cover in which they have taken sanctuary. A little generalship will drive the coveys of the manor into two or three fields of good lying, and then a fair day's sport can be looked for. Even where a man has but a small march of his own, not sufficient for a long line of guns, a pretty bag may be made, with judicious management and straight powder. He will have to walk twice as far in the day for each brace accounted for as when warm September days made birds hide close in roots, and even lie to a dog on stubbles; but each bird bagged in October is worth two September partridges. An October bird is nearly full grown, and makes a finer show at table. It requires more skill to bring him down; the majority of rises will be at thirty

yards at least. Then choke-bores come in with effect; anyhow, No. 6 shot is out of the question, No. 5 the minimum, and No. 4 has perhaps the best of it. Many a man spoils his shooting by loading an extra half-drachm of powder to obtain a longer range. He does the latter, but he spoils the "pattern" of his charge. An over-loaded gun, instead of spreading shot like a lady's fan, devotes its favours irregularly to certain casual grains; some of these will hit hard at seventy yards, others will not hit so hard at forty as if the proper charge was in, and the pattern, if fired at a sheet of paper, shows very one-sided. Three drachms for a twelve-bore do most execution all the world over; and even a quarter of a drachm less is best for snipe.

THE following pithy remarks are from the pen of a jovial country squire who lived in the grand sporting days of the renowned Tom Moody:—"Those useful hours that our fathers employed on horseback in the fields are lost to their posterity between a stinking pair of sheets. Balls and operas, assemblies and masquerades, so exhaust the spirits of the puny creatures overnight, that yawning and chocolate are the main labours and entertainments of the morning. The important affairs of barber, milliner, perfumer, and looking-glass are their employ till the call for dinner, and the bottle or gaming-table demand the tedious hours that intervene before the return of the evening assignations. What wonder, then, if such busy, trifling, effeminate mortals are heard to swear they have no notion of venturing their bodies out of doors in the cold air of the morning? I have laughed heartily to see such delicate, smock-faced animals judiciously interrupting their pinches of snuff with dull jokes upon foxhunters, and soppishly exclaiming against an art they know no more of than they do of Greek. It cannot be expected that they should speak well of a toil they dare not undertake, or that the fine things, which are of the tailor's creation, should be fit to work without doors."

A SPORTING CONTEMPORARY calls attention to the mistake which is made by journalists who deal with aquatic sports in not giving better support to the institution of a press boat. The risk of the provision of a boat falls upon one contemporary only; if he finds that it is a lottery whether his confères support him by taking tickets at a given race, he will, of course, for his own interests, give up the labour of love, and not provide a steamer in future. Some of our contemporaries may not require to send a representative on every occasion of an important boat race; but if no press steamer existed, they would find that the inconvenience on days when they did want to have a special report would completely outweigh the small economy of not taking a ticket on certain other days when they think that they can dispense with a special representative.

It is said that Mr. Henry Irving is now engaged studying *Richard III.*

MR. HENRY VINE points out as a mistake the impression that exists amongst people living remote from Epping Forest, that no deer exist there, founded probably on an occasional visit by them to the outskirts of the Forest, is entirely incorrect. Far from that being the case, we have now from sixty to seventy head of deer, which are continually seen by those residing in the immediate neighbourhood. And fawns may be met with on the more retired roads and bridle paths, and not unfrequently on the highways. There are also two or three grand old bucks, which, being fierce and so much given to fighting the younger ones, it has become necessary to kill them, that the lives of their more youthful companions may be preserved. A buck shot last week was one of these veterans. It was found on the Loughton Manor, and great difficulty would have been incurred in hunting him had it not been for the generous assistance rendered by Mr. Vine, of Woodford, in lending some couples of his well-known harriers, and the services of his huntsman, Wm. Hurrell, by whose means and the skill of Fred. Luffman, the head keeper, the Corporation obtained the first buck off their newly-acquired territory.

IN an American contemporary, *Forest and Stream*, we find the following story of an encounter with a wounded "fox." The writer, a Southerner, says—"I was in love—a sort of gossling love that made me happy—and the distance of six miles over rugged hills, through dark and lonesome forests, across icy brooks and snowy fields, did not seem a long tramp. I mused on my sweetheart, and no imaginary hobgoblin haunted me as I trudged along through the soft snow. I passed the old school-house where the singing was held, and a long, steep ascent of cleared hillside was before me. A deep wooded ravine, capped with craggy rocks, lay in a direct course on my right along the ledge, and the path rose to the top of the hill two miles distant, after ascending which a steep descent of one mile through thicket and clearing on the other side would bring me to my home on the bank of the river, where it was my custom to slip in quietly on such occasions as this, beguiling or kicking Maje, the watch dog, into silence, as seemed most effective at the moment. But before I reached home one night there was an event in my life—an impromptu fox chase—that made a powerful impression on me. It was brief, but vigorous and exciting. Ascending the hill through a cleared field, after passing the school-house, I espied a large wild animal ambling through the snow—at least the animal looked large then, and even now, as I recollect it. It was certainly a fox, and a big one, but evidently wounded, as he made poor headway, and stopped often, as if to rest. I could see him distinctly not a hundred yards away. He had come from the rocks, and was making his way across the field to the timber beyond. I could see him limp as he ambled over the soft snow, and being badly wounded he was just the sort of a fox I wanted to attack, as I could despatch him in a quick onslaught by a series of kicks, and wear his brush in my hat. I had on heavy high-top boots, with my trowsers stuffed into the legs, and, crouching down, I pulled my boots well up, and my hat well on, drew on my mitts, as the scoundrel might bite or scratch me in the fight; and, like a tiger drawing on his prey, I stealthily and swiftly drew near my unsuspecting victim. Now! Charge! A fierce yell that reverberated through those ever memorable hills in the stillness of the night, went forth, and I was upon him literally, for a treacherous stone under the snow tripped me in my hasty and excited efforts to give him a terrific kick from behind, and down I went. But, presto! quicker than the evolution of these thoughts the air was thick with a pungent, penetrating fog around about me, every atom of which seemed to be armed with the heated point of a cambric needle. The air grew dark—I was blinded, stifled; I gasped for breath. This lame fox was no fox at all, and made no pretensions to be one; but gloried in being a regular old *Mephitis mephitis*—an old he polecat, a skunk of the worst type. He bit me in the spur piece of my heavy boot, and tore a piece out of the leg. I kicked and stamped him until the snow on that hillside looked as though a large drove of cattle had been driven over it, and finally I kicked him over the ledge of rocks for which he was so anxiously making. Then I jumped over after him, and continued the fight among the blackberry briars in the ravine until I left him a mere pulp of *mephitis* destruction, myself scratched and torn with briars, as though I had been in a hand-to-hand encounter with Bengal tigers instead of an animal whose greatest harm was his smell. Notwithstanding my entreaties to my brother and brother-in-law, who were fond of jokes at other people's expense, never to let the (pole) cat out of the bag, they slyly indulged in inuendoes in the presence of others, much to my chagrin and mortification; and when I sullenly told

them I had mistaken the thing for a wounded fox they nearly exploded with laughter. In conclusion I will just say that I have done a great deal of fox-hunting since, but I never have any desire to take an advantage of a wounded one, and, if I am spared, I never will under any circumstances, especially in the region of South Fork."

ONE of our weekly contemporaries, speaking of guns, says:—"Another point to be looked to when ordering a new weapon, is to have the pull of the triggers exactly the same as those of the gun you have been in the habit of using. Since the rebounding action has come into use so much—since the almost general adoption of the central-fire principle in some shape or other—the mainspring of the lock does not require to be so strong as was the case when, in the muzzle-loader, there was the danger of the hammer being blown back to half-cock; or, in the pin-fire gun, of the pin being blown out of the cartridge-case, unless held down by the hammer; so that, in most guns now, locks are made about the same strength. Still, I have seen triggers require such a light touch as to go off with a person before the object was properly covered, unless he was aware of the pull being so light, and you may take it for granted, if you are shooting with a gun which varies in that respect from the one you are in the habit of using, you will shoot too soon, and too much over the bird, if the pull is too light, and under and behind your mark if the reverse is the case. So much for triggers. If your choice of a gun depends solely upon its performance at a target, if you want it for everyday use, choose the one that performs best with a moderate charge—say, three drachms of powder and 1 oz. of shot. Firing often with heavy charges shakes a gun considerably, and, unless exceptionally well made, few of them will stand it, to say nothing of the increase in your ammunition bill; besides which, the ordinary 12-bore brown cartridge cases won't take more than the charge I have mentioned, and leave sufficient room for turning over, at least if you use a thin waterproof wad between the powder and the thick felt one, which ought always to be the case, unless you intend to fire them the day they are loaded, the lubricating composition on the thick wad having a deteriorating effect on the powder which comes in contact with it, if exposed any time to its influence. In the days of muzzle-loaders (and many a good bag I have made with one) it was an old adage—

If you want to kill dead,
Ram your powder, but not your lead.

A good deal of that, I fancy, arose from the absolute necessity of forcing the powder out into the nipple-chamber, because, when loading cartridge-cases, it is a generally accepted fact that they shoot much stronger when the powder is not much compressed. Of course, I am now only speaking of ordinary gunpowder, and not of Schultze's, which requires to be rammed hard before it will perform even moderately."

RUDE and irreverent jesters have often (says the *Daily News*) reproached the enthusiastic followers of Her Majesty's staghounds with the pursuit of an animal strongly resembling a calf. But it has been reserved for the devotees of *le sport* across the Channel to discover and take advantage of the capabilities of an actual and veritable calf as a beast of the chase. The great discovery fell on this wise. It happened that in the department of the Jura a vagrant calf took to the woods, and persisted in preferring the greenwood tree to the tamer but more usual pleasures of the meadow and the byre. A sportsman of the neighbourhood at once saw his opportunity, struck a bargain with the owner of the truant (there is perhaps an unpleasant nineteenth-century flavour about this last incident), and started with hound and horn to exterminate the calf. A chase of the most exciting character followed, and at length the novel quarry was "run into," despatched, and doubtless exhibited in triumph by torchlight. It should not be forgotten that the animal in his "closing scene" rewarded his destroyers by a "very remarkable flavour of venison." Taken altogether, the incident must be regarded as of much importance, and equally interesting to the sportsman and the gourmand, to both of whom it promises a new pleasure. There can be no earthly difficulty in "turning down" calves as well as other beasts and birds. The pace will perhaps be a little slow, and rather suitable to Queen Anne's fashion of hunting in a Bath chair; but a new Queen Anne detail just now is an additional attraction. And a fillet or haunch from a hunted calf will be a very pleasing prelude to a brace of barndoors pheasants.

THERE can be little doubt that the personage who at present enjoys the largest amount of popularity in the province of Catalonia, if not, indeed, in the whole kingdom of Spain, is the "English or Irish gentleman" who, on Thursday week, in the *plaza de toros* of Barcelona, before sixteen thousand spectators, as an amateur matador, killed, with his own hands, two bulls. The name of the amateur matador has not yet transpired; but so far as the Catalans are concerned, he is presumably everywhere glorified as "El bizarro Ingles," or "El Aficionado Britanico." We also learn that, on the night following his heroic achievement, the "English or Irish gentleman" was serenaded by his enthusiastic admirers; and that with true British generosity he bestowed his share of the proceeds of the performance on the General Hospital at Barcelona.

THAT dogs should be judged with due regard for the work they are expected to perform (says Mr. Arnold Burges, in the *Chicago Field*) and the sections they are used in, is a fact which should not be lost sight of in framing a code for the control of field trials. Mr. Llewellyn wrote, in reply to "Leatherhead," of *Bell's Life*, who quoted the "sortiness," or similarity between individuals of a well-bred pack of foxhounds as an example for setter breeders. "In the one case 'sortiness' is essential, in the other it is a positive drawback, inasmuch as no one animal (although fair or good) is perfect for all sorts of countries." If this is true in Great Britain, where setters are used only in open shooting, how much more applicable it is in this country, where these dogs are worked in both cover and open, and the requirements are consequently much greater. For quail in sections free from cover, for snipe and pinnated grouse, the most killing dog, other things being equal, is a fast wide ranger. But for woodland game, the woodcock and ruffed grouse, a short range and cautious pace becomes a *sine qua non*. In tangled undergrowth the dog best suited for brilliant display in the open is absolutely worthless. There are, it is true, occasional exceptions to this rule, but they are few and far between, and of this few, and by far the larger portion are found in the hands of market shooters, because the experience which alone teaches a dog to appreciate and discriminate between the habits of different birds, and to regulate his action in accordance with these, is gained only after more constant and varied practice than most amateurs are able to give their dogs. How often do we hear a dog extolled for his excellence on some one kind of game, yet every instance of such praise carries with it the implied admission of comparative inferiority under other circumstances. Nor is this unnatural; even among men, the most skilful artisans are those who devote their entire attention and natural disposition of talent to some one pursuit. Jacks-of-all-trades are proverbially good at none, and we can't ask more of brutes than we do of human beings. There are many sections where all the shooting is found in heavy corn, with fields so limited that the bevy, when flushed upon the stubbles flies immediately to an adjacent swamp. To start a man out in such places with a dog that goes galloping and crashing through the bushes, is simply to insure an empty bag at night fall. From

these facts the dogs for men who hunt in such a country must be slow and careful, naturally so too, if great labour and trouble in reforming the contrary disposition is to be avoided. Here is just where Mr. Llewellyn's statement fits the case, and we must not allow our desire to breed winners in our present field trials, to blind us to the fact that these will not do in all cases. Pace is one of the essentials in a field trial as now conducted, but pace under such circumstances as we have named is fatal. We must have steady dogs as well as fast ones, if the requirements of all sportsmen are to be met. Such dogs must be bred by as careful selection as animals in which a great turn of speed is desirable, for certainly we shall not get first-class performers of both kinds from one and the same set of progenitors. Now the only way to encourage the breeding of slow dogs, is to give them a fair opportunity to compete at trials under circumstances which will display their peculiar excellences. If one of these were turned down against a slashing going dog, he would, under our present style of judging be beaten out of sight, since he would probably never get near birds before the flyer had found them. Extremes cannot meet in such cases, and the only remedy is to run two classes, or better still to adopt "Dog Whip's" suggestion of positive and negative points; and "Snapshot's" plan of single dog trials. Last year a brace of dogs ran at Memphis, and won, simply through their breaking, and being put down to scattered birds, where slow work told, with the additional fact that the entries against them were so few. It must not, however, be supposed from this that these dogs were of inferior quality, for under circumstances favourable to their style of performance, they were capable of grand work, and could have beaten faster dogs into a cocked hat. There is a very large demand for just such animals, supply keeping place with it simply because the popular fancy all runs to speed, and a dog is not considered valuable unless he can travel like a quarter horse. This would be well enough if trial work and open shooting was alone to be provided for, but it is not, and if trials are to be generally useful, they must be so arranged as to give slow dogs a chance, and make them justly popular with breeders.

THE Hon. J. D. Caton describes in *The American Naturalist* for August, a new variety of the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) for which he proposes the varietal name *californicus*. Judge Caton first met with it on the estate of Mr. Frost at Santa Barbara, who is a famous deer-hunter. With him Judge Caton made an excursion into the Coast Range at Gaviota Pass, and secured three bucks. These were evidently a variety of the mule-deer, and not of the black-tailed, having all the distinctive peculiarities of the former. The variety differs from the type in being smaller, of a more decidedly reddish shade, in having a lesser patch of white on the buttocks, and, most prominently, in the markings of the tail. The tail of *C. macrotis* is entirely white except a black tuft at the tip; in the variety a black to reddish-black line extends along the upper side of the tail from the root to the tip. The habitat is not as yet well determined, but Judge Caton thinks it safe to say that this variety predominates in the Coast Range south of San Francisco, which seems to be its northern limit. The Sierras seem to define its eastern limit, east of which it is replaced by the true deer. It ascends to higher altitudes than any other American deer, being frequently found above the timber line. Those living in the high mountains are the largest; Mr. Frost killing one which weighed 400 pounds. They are not uncommon, and further information, it is hoped, will soon be obtained of the distribution and peculiarities of this novel variety. A skin and skeleton have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution by Judge Caton.

MR. R. B. Vining, Superintendent of the Meriden trotting park, has, says an American contemporary, a fine setter dog called Sam, which has a curious habit of stopping runaway horses. He seizes them by the bit and stops them at once. Several instances of his remarkable sagacity might be given, when he showed his power to stop such excited animals, thus saving their owners' loss, and preventing injury to the horses. Mr. Vining has been offered 150 dols. for Sam, but refuses to part with him.

BROOK, in his *Cyclopaedia of Botany*, speaking of the valuable properties of the common broom in cases of hydrophobia, says:—"It appears its virtues were first noticed in this country in Mr. Richardson's 'Natural History of the Dog,' which he has copied from a Russian surgeon, M. Maraschetti, who affirms that the rabid virus, after remaining a short time in the wound, becomes absorbed, and for a short time resides beneath the tongue, at the orifices of the submaxillary glands, where it develops itself in small knots observed by him. The average time for the appearance of the knots would appear to be from the third to the ninth day after the bite; that if not opened within twenty-four hours after the first formation, the virus is re-absorbed into the system, and the patient is lost beyond all hope of cure. On these accounts, M. Maraschetti recommended that the patients should be at once examined beneath the tongue, which examination should be continued for six weeks, during which period they should take one pound and a half of the decoction of broom daily, or a drachm of the powder four times a day. If, during this time, no knots should appear, there is nothing to be apprehended; but if they do appear, they should be freely opened and cauterised with a red hot wire, after which the patients are to rinse their mouths and gargle with the decoction of the tops and blossoms of broom in the quantity already described."

W. B. S. claims to have had great success in transporting minnows by using a large bucket, holding say four gallons, with inside bucket small enough to have plenty of play and thoroughly perforated. He places a large piece of ice on top of the inside bucket every ten or fifteen minutes; churning the inside bucket up and down to aerate the water; and he adds:—"I have transported minnows in this way two hundred miles."

ONE day last week, Mr. G. Bubb, of Bond-street, and a friend were fishing in the Thames, opposite Kingston Bridge, and caught three dozen fine perch, one weighing a pound and a half.

THERE is to be a fishing contest at Tagg's Island fishery, Hampton Court, this day (Saturday), Mr. H. L. Rolfe having offered as the first prize one of his fish paintings of the value of £100.

THE first monthly meeting of the Royal London Yacht Club after the summer recess will be held at the club house, 22, Regent-street, S.W., on Monday the 16th inst., at 6 o'clock, when a large number of candidates for membership will probably be elected. The club dinner will take place, as usual, at 7 o'clock, and will no doubt be well attended, the *cuisine* being under new management this season.

THE members of the South London Angling Club have had their last outing for the season, the Thames at Laleham having been chosen for the purpose, the "turn out" being supplied by Mr. Barwell, of Camberwell Gate. There were four prizes to be fished for, and twenty competing members. Owing to the highness of the water, the takes were very small. Some fished in punts, but the majority from the banks, the latter had the best of it.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 25, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an hour he passed a good many Worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment."—Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.





Miss Heath as Jane Shore

THE PURSUIT OF THE CAT.

(By the Author of Mr. Andrew O'Rourke's *Ramblings*.)

"TOM," said I to my cousin Tom Walker, the other morning at breakfast, "do you mind coming up to my room after breakfast? I want to speak to you—Bacon?"

"All right, Ned," said Tom. "No thank you. It's too hot for bacon, I'll go in for fish. Give me some sole, sir." The latter portion of Tom's speech was addressed to Tom's father, with whom I and my sister were on a short visit at Ducro-street. In order to give the reader a clue to some matters connected with this history, Tom had in his watch-pocket a faded blue ribbon, which had once belonged to my sister, and I had once seen on the inside of a fan-box of Min's, the words, "From Tom," as one might write "From China," or "From Shakespeare," there being only one possible association between the matters designated.

In a few minutes we were in my room.

"Thank you, no," I said, "A man of the least discrimination never begins the day with a pipe; give me a long, mild and particularly dry cigar to commence on. I wish there was some plan of icing cigars this weather."

"It wasn't to talk about tobacco you asked me here," said he, passing his handkerchief over his forehead. Although it was 80° in the shade, I suspected my cousin's movement. It occurred to me that he wanted to get some of his face out of the way.

"Quite right," I answered. "It was to say that I don't think catapults any good."

"Catapults!" he cried, jumping nervously to his feet, setting his back against me, and staring out of the window. "What do you mean by saying you don't think catapults any good?"

"I am told," I continued, "that there is a professional man in London, who beguiles his leisure with a pea-shooter on his own particular tiles. But, observe, his pea-shooter is only for pastime. He doesn't hope to produce amelioration; his work is not sanitary; extirpation is not in his mind, it would be fatal to his amusement. The case here is different; and I repeat, catapults are no good."

Tom's back hair was short, and I could see that his very neck blushed.

"I'm sure I don't know what you're driving at," he muttered, passing his handkerchief over his neck above his collar behind.

"You are uncandid: you do. But I'll be plain with you. I couldn't stoop to deceiving or trying to deceive my own flesh and blood. You were at your own window last night for two hours, hurling bullets or marbles from a catapult. It was so dark you could not see to take aim, and you'll get rheumatism, warm as the weather is, if you go on at that work."

He rubbed both elbows a little uneasily.

"Perhaps you've got a twinge already. At all events your fire was effective but once, and then there was only a brief respite from one."

"But," he said, facing round, dropping the hand that held the kerchief, and looking hot and angry, "They have grown positively unendurable, and Min told me she doesn't sleep more than an hour each night, and she's looking quite pale and haggard, poor thing."

I didn't tell him, Loo, his sister, had told me that although she was pretty well used to them they had of late become so annoying that she got little or no sleep. But then I never told Tom what I had in my watch-pocket, or what Loo might have in her work-box. You see, in such matters Loo and I were more Gallic and "managed those things better."

"I quite agree with you," I assented. "They are no longer to be borne with. They must be extirped. The catapult has proved a failure. We must have recourse to other means."

"What do you suggest? I'll do anything. There were twenty-five of them in our garden last night, if there was one? What do you propose?"

"Poison."

"The very thing. I'll get it at once. Sit you there till I come back." His face was now flushed with eagerness, not shame; without waiting for another word he ran out of the room and dashed down the stairs as if the game were in view.

At the end of half-an-hour Tom returned, carrying a parcel about the size of a twopenny flower-pot.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, jubilantly, "We'll do for them now! Here you are!" and he flourished the parcel over his head in exultation.

"You've plenty; that's plain," I said.

"Yes, plenty—enough to poison four battalions of fully-developed cats."

"Where did you get it?" asked I.

"Well, Ned, 'twould never do to go to our own chemist, as it might come to the governor's ears, and he has a morbid horror of poison, and besides holds strange notions about the right of property in cats. So I ran to a chemist's in Rinsall Row, and asked him to make up the most electrical poison he could for a thousand able-bodied baritone cats. He told me to come in a quarter-of-an-hour. When I got back he gave me this. He said it was a quintessential forty horse-power poison, specially invented for cats. Its effects are marvellous. Upon swallowing it the beast gives three shivers, springs into the air, and falls dead with its legs doubled up under it like a fist, and its tail sticking out like a handle. He told me it took the inventor ten years to arrive at the stiff tail; but that being impressed with the necessity for producing a satisfactory handle for the dead brute, he was resolved to succeed or perish."

"But, look here, Tom," said I, "you say your father has an objection to poison, and does not think the murder of neighbours' cats justifiable; well, you've bought a very sudden poison, the cats will all be found dead in the garden to-morrow morning, and the murder be out."

"I never thought of that," murmured he, setting down the parcel, and folding his arms under a very rueful countenance. "We're out-flanked."

"I have an idea!" I shouted, starting up, and beginning to pace the room hastily.

"Thank goodness it's only an idea! I thought it was a cramp or a spasm."

"We'll buy a sack, rise early, clap the bodies into the sack, have a cab waiting, drive off, and book them as game to Will Fell at Bedford. I'll drop him a line explaining matters, and asking him to afford them decent sepulture in the pond, or any other place his considerate humanity may select."

"Capital! capital! And now we must send John for a lot of plaice; plaice will fetch them from the four points of the elements. We're to spread this stuff like butter on the plaice, and put it where the brutes can smell it—that's all along the end wall. We must be careful with the poison—it's in the form of butter. The man who sold it to me said that looking very long at it might produce dizziness, and long inhaling, nausea."

With the utmost caution, and under an oath of secrecy, John was sent for a dozen good-sized plaice, and a sack. We told him that the fish would suit us all the better if it were trifle "high." "The smell will carry further," Tom whispered into my ear.

We begged the use of the scullery for the day, alleging chemical experiments in explanation, and thither John smuggled the fish in the sack. We had directed him to take a cab and carry the booty home himself.

When alone in the scullery we locked the door, and proceeded

to work. Having cut each plaice into four parts, we smeared one surface of each part with the poison, which resembled butter in appearance, but was somewhat stiffer in consistency.

When we had just finished, Tom said to me, "Do you feel any giddiness?"

"No—do you?"

"No; but I do feel the nausea."

"So do I—it must be rare good stuff. Between the "height" of the bait and the strength of the poison, there won't be a cat alive within a mile at this time to-morrow."

As soon as we had brought our labours to a close we locked the scullery-door, and having taken the key with us, did our best to kill time until night.

At half-past nine the garden was as dark as a vault. We stole forth, carrying a lantern, and with the aid of a ladder gained the top of the wall, then set our bait, and crept back like Catiline's conspirators after a libation of blood.

Some friends were at the house that evening, and it had struck midnight before we could get away. As we left the drawing-room, I whispered to Loo, "You'll have a quiet sleep to-night I hope."

I heard something that wasn't a word pass between Tom and Min, but I will not pause to say what it was.

We both went to Tom's room, and eagerly approached the window. The darkness was impenetrable. We could see absolutely nothing, and there were scarcely any sounds. Now and then we heard a faint dismal yell, which, in relation to what had been, seemed no more than the tuning in an orchestra before the wild conflict of a Wagner overture.

"There must be a row of cats now dead on that wall," I whispered to Tom.

"Yes," he whispered back, "with all their tails sticking out over our garden, making it look, if we could only see, like a street of barbers' shops with their poles."

With tears of gratitude in our eyes, we bade good night. We had appointed six as the hour at which we should go down to bag the game.

All that night the neighbourhood rested in comparative quiet. Occasionally, before I fell asleep, I heard a faint "prelude" to the "voices of the night," but "the imperial theme" never came.

Tom was the earlier stirring; he came to me, woke me, and performed a war-dance of joy around the room. "Get up, Ned," he cried. "Get up and look out. There are none on the wall, but they are lying as thick in our garden as barnacles on a ship's bottom after a seven years' cruise."

I looked out. His language would have been the nearer fact for a little discounting, but there were at least twenty cats lying beneath our eyes in the garden.

"Come," he said, at length, "dress, and let us dispose of the dead."

"Tom," said I, as I hurried on my clothes, "do you notice that their tails don't stick out like barbers' poles, or even like handles?"

"How very particular you are," said he, with a little irritation. "I wish we had another sack. I'm afraid one sack won't be enough."

After a few minutes I was ready, and we went lightly down stairs. Tom descended to the basement to fetch the sack from the scullery, and while he was there Loo's Blenheim spaniel, Juno, got off the hall-mat and ran to me.

"Are we all ready now?" I asked.

"Yes; all ready."

"Open the door."

I did as I was desired. Juno sprang out before us with a loud bark.

We followed two steps. Then Tom stood still, dropped the sack and stood staring right before him.

I waited awhile, looking too. Then putting my hand on Tom's shoulder and my mouth to his ear, I said, "I don't think we shall want that second sack."

At Juno's bark the cats had all risen like a flock of stars, and disappeared over the walls.

"By George!" he swore. "Not poisoned, but gorged. I'll have my revenge of that rascally druggist! Now, you're good at plans. We must have swift and signal vengeance of that man."

"No, no! Tom; we must not allow ourselves to be hurried into any rashness. But—is the cab at the door?"

"I suppose so—yes. He's a sure man. Never failed once."

"Very well, come along to the cab. We must drive straight to the man who sold you the poison."

In a short time the cab drew up opposite the chemist's shop, and I jumped out, having first, told Tom he was to sit in the cab until I called him. I seized the night bell and tugged with all my might. For a long time there came no response. At last a head appeared at a window above.

"Is that the man who sold you the poison, Tom? Look up through the glass."

"Yes," answered he.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man at the window.

"Come down! Come down at once. It's a case of poisoning, and the poison was procured here. The patient is in the cab here. Don't lose a moment or you may be too late."

The young man seemed a good deal terrified, withdrew hastily, and in a few moments I heard him undoing the front door. When we stood face to face I saw that he had added nothing but trousers and slippers to his night shirt.

"Who's in the house?" I asked.

"No one but myself. The governor does not sleep here. I hope this isn't a bad case?"

"I'm afraid it is. Where's your latch key?"

"In my coat pocket upstairs," he answered, and asked,

"shall I have to go with you?"

"I am not sure yet. Suppose a person came to you asking you for a large quantity of poison for cats, you'd give him pure spermaceti?"

"Pure."

"It's rather good for cats."

"It's very good and nourishing for cats."

"And perfectly harmless to them."

"Perfectly."

"Now, why would you give pure spermaceti and not poison?"

"A young lady in whom I take a great interest lost a favourite poodle by the dog-poisoner some time ago, and I swore on the corpse of the poodle never to be a party against dumb animals. That was it. But the man in the cab?"

"He's very bad indeed. Would you mind just stepping across the flagway and looking at him?"

"As I am?"

"Yes. There isn't a soul near."

He dashed across, and, with the instinct of an ostrich, thrust his head into the cab.

I quietly drew the door to, and latched it.

In a moment the young man returned from the cab, saying—

"Sir, the person in the cab seems very well and very angry."

"Exactly. He's very well, because he hasn't taken any poison and has no illness. He's very angry, because you sold him spermaceti for cat-poison. Sir, good morning."

"But you've locked me out."

"Exactly."

"And I can't get in."

"A perfectly logical deduction."

"But, sir, I'm not half dressed."

"Spermaceti makes a very good dressing; if there's any left, I'll send you some when I get back."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

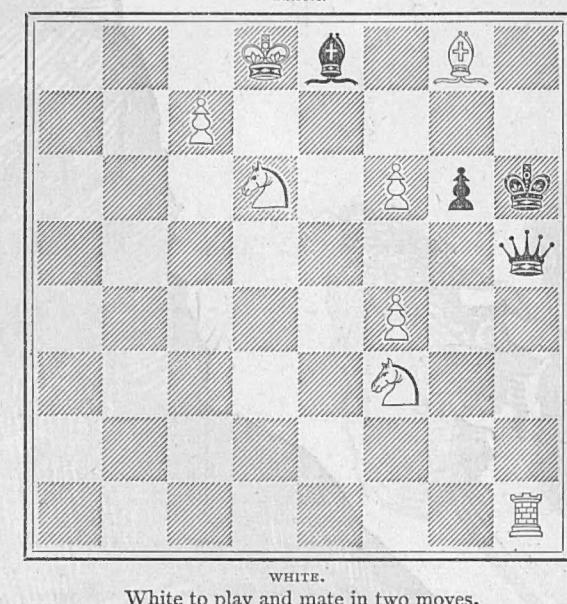
CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED from Tight Stays, J. W. P. and H. H. S. A. G.—The solution sent is wrong.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 116.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 4 (ch) K to Q 3
2. B to Q R 7 and mates in two more moves.

PROBLEM NO. 117.

BY MR. C. J. SHUTTLEWORTH. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE subjoined game formed part of a little match recently played by correspondence between Messrs. Archdale and Peart, of Gateshead, who consulted together against Messrs. Hunter and Crum, of Glasgow:—

[RUY LOPEZ.]

WHITE (Messrs. A. and P.)	BLACK (Messrs. H. and C.)	WHITE (Messrs. A. and P.)	BLACK (Messrs. H. and C.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Q Kt to K B 3 (d)	Kt takes Kt (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. R takes Kt	B takes B
3. B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	18. P takes B	Q to K 3
4. B to Q R 4	Kt to K B 3	19. Kt to K B 5	Kt takes Kt
5. P to Q 3	B to Q B 4 (a)	20. P takes Kt	Q to R B 3
6. P to Q B 3	P to Q Kt 4	21. P to K R 4 (e)	K to R 2
7. B to Q Kt 3	P to Q 3 (b)	22. Q R to K B sq	R to K R sq
8. P to K R 3	P to K R 3	23. K to K R 3	K to Kt sq
9. Castles	Castles	24. Q to K B 3	R to Q R 2
10. B to K 3	B takes B	25. Q to Q B 6	P to K R 4
11. P takes B	Kt to K 2	26. Q R to K B 3	K to R 2
12. Kt to K R 4	B to K 3	27.	

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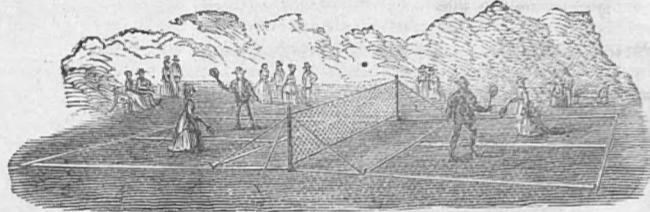
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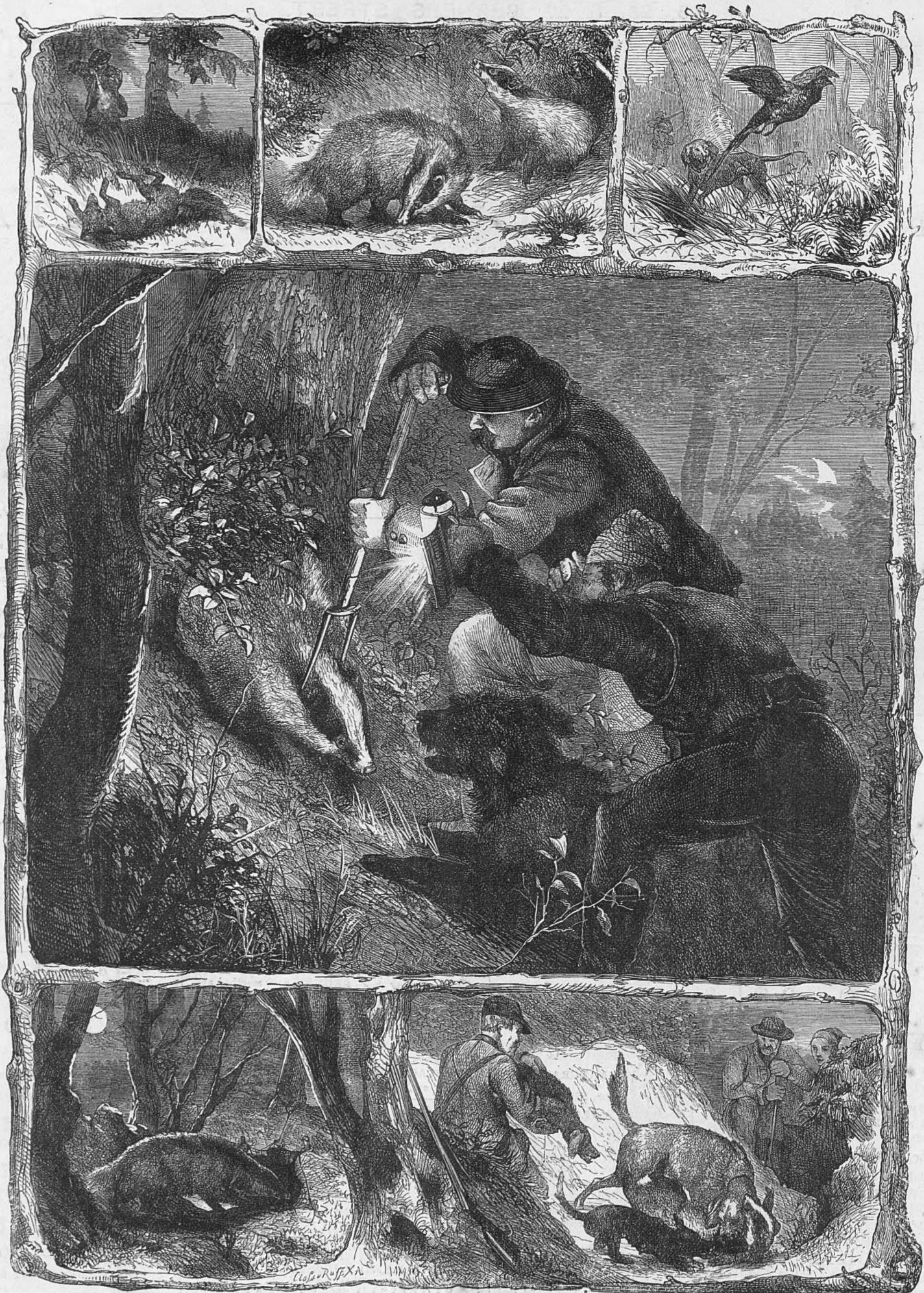
DOG BREEDING IN AMERICA.

In America until recently the breeding of dogs has received more contempt than attention; not only has the dog's field of usefulness been limited, but in many instances the dog is a public nuisance; in some states he is outlawed as such, and in others a heavy tax is set on his head. For instance, in Delaware City, a village of 12,000 inhabitants, says M. Von Culin, we have about 300 dogs, the majority of which run at large, kill the farmers' sheep and live upon the town by plunder. The bitches, when in season, parade the streets followed by a crowd of snapping, snarling curs, making night hideous with their howlings, to the disgust of every one except the town authorities who permit it. Every poor man

owns one, and every very poor man has two or three. We also have nearly as great a nuisance in the dog line as the dogs themselves, in the shape of a few hydrophobic monomaniacs, and of town authorities who have displayed their legislative ability by passing an ordinance which requires all dogs to be muzzled, and levies an additional tax of 1 dol on males and 5 dols on females, which, together with the State tax makes 1 dol 50 cents on males, and 7 dols on females. While we pay this tax, this wise (or otherwise) legislative body gives indiscriminate power to shoot any dog found on the streets without a muzzle. Let anyone kill my horse and the whole town would be in arms after the villain; but if any one of my dogs, worth three such horses, were killed, I have no redress. When we compare this outcast condition of the

dogs in the United States with his exalted condition in other countries, we naturally ask why is it? Why should we, who have the world-wide reputation with our Yankee ingenuity of making everything profitable, be so far behind the times in this respect.

The old proverb that "like begets like," which will not hold good in dog breeding, has been the stumbling block. Hereditary succession has not been sufficiently understood to be appreciated, and stock animals selected or pitched on at random. When two dogs of known excellence for a particular purpose are mated, and all the offspring fail to inherit the parents' usefulness to a like extent, you may take it as a rule to which there are *no* exceptions, that one or both of the parents are ill-bred. What I mean



"SPORT" IN THE BLACK FOREST.

by ill-bred is, that some or all of their progenitors had little or none of these excellencies.

I will venture the assertion that nine out of ten Americans suppose each particular strain of dogs to have been accidental, when many of the most valuable breeds—among them the setter, pointer, spaniel and greyhound—have been bred by scientific men upon scientific principles for a score of generations. For instance, Mr. Brooks's celebrated Bismark, although he has sired over 200 dogs from the best bitches in the country, has not one worthy representative. Mr. J. J. S., of Philadelphia, owns one of the most wonderful grouse, snipe and woodcock dogs in America. I have bred and owned one litter, have seen and shot over many of his get, and so far not one of them is a "circumstance" to him.

Mr. H. Smith who has owned and shot over *more* dogs, I repeat *it more* dogs than any man in America, says that this dog has the best nose of any dog he ever saw. I have tried and seen others try breeding from such wonderful *accidental* dogs with the same result. This dog *may* sire as good a dog as himself, but you may be obliged to raise and breed several more litters to find it. On the other side of the question, Plunkett before he came to this country had sired 23 dogs, seven of which were prize winners. Among them is Kite, a greater winner than his sire. The balance of them would probably have been winners, had they had the opportunity. Such is also the record of Burges's Rob Roy, Llewellyn's Dan, Laverack's Dash, and a score of others. Glorious examples of producing, and afterwards improving, qualities in

animals which are most useful to man, are illustrated in the trotting and running horses, short horned cattle, Merino sheep, &c., &c., as well as in the dog. Each have their peculiarities so usefully developed, that untold millions would be the loss to man, were they brought to the level of the common herd of their respective kinds.

Stonehenge says of the thoroughbred stallion Messenger: "It is estimated that his importation to America has added at least one hundred millions of dollars to the wealth of that country. I can name several dogs which yield their owners an interest of six per cent, on eight thousand dollars, and a few which will probably double this amount. These are some of the results of scientific breeding."